

DOUBLE ISSUE | MAKING SENSE OF THE ELECTION

# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

JULY 1 2004

# O CANADA!

READING FOR A  
SUMMER'S DAY

**DOUGLAS COUPLAND**

on Terry Fox and Canadian icons

**HONOUR ROLL '04**

10 who made a difference

**COTTAGES:** How to afford  
a piece of paradise

**WHAT WE LOVE,** from the Calgary  
Flames to snow on the palm trees

**JULY 1 REVELRY:** Pictures on parade

**WHAT'S ON** at museums and galleries

**...and BEER:** How come it's only  
pitched to guys?

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## Four centuries have passed, but the spirit of this adventure endures.

The year 2004 marks the 400th anniversary of the first French settlement in North America. Remarkably, four hundred years have come and gone since Pierre du Gua, sieur de Monts, accompanied by Samuel de Champlain, set sail for the New World to establish a French colony for King Henri IV of France. What followed is not only the epic struggle of a courageous group of settlers trying to survive a harsh new landscape, but also signifies the origin of the proud Acadian people, and the beginnings of modern Canada.



This rendering of a 17th century sailing ship similar to the one used to cross the Atlantic in the spring of 1604, graces one side of the newly minted 400th anniversary 25-cent circulation coin.

With the help of Champlain the French nobleman de Monts explored much of the East coast before discovering a small island in the Bay of Fundy naming it Île Sainte-Croix, de Monts set his men to clear the island for long-term settlement.

By October, snow had fallen and before long the river was filled with ice flows, cutting all of the men off from the mainland. As the Acadian winter deepened, their drinking water, food and firewood dwindled; by spring, nearly half of the original company of 79 had lost their lives. The settlement was relocated to a more hospitable location, but the historic impact of the small island has endured for over four centuries.



Considering it to be a strategic location for a colony de Monts felt that Île Sainte-Croix would be easy to defend against potential enemies.

Today, it lives on for the many Acadian descendants who cherish their rich legacy of history and genealogy. And the heroic tale of the Île Sainte-Croix settlers is truly a story of survival – the survival of a tenacious people who faced and overcame adversity to flourish and preserve their culture, traditions and joie de vivre.

These men of Île Sainte-Croix were just the first in a long march of settlers from all over the world who have followed their dreams to Canada.



Collect and cherish your very own 25-cent circulation coins from the Royal Canadian Mint. Just look in your change for keepsake souvenirs of the 400th anniversary of the first French settlement in North America at Île Sainte-Croix.

To honour the spirit of adventure of these hardy European pioneers and all who have followed them, the Royal Canadian Mint is proud to release a 25-cent circulation coin celebrating the 400th anniversary of the first French settlement in North America at Île Sainte-Croix. As the leading creator of lasting impressions that represent and exemplify Canadian heritage, values and special moments, the Mint is pleased to help commemorate this epic story.

**A Part of Our Lives.**

## Get your 400th anniversary commemorative coins today!

Celebrate the 400th anniversary of the first French settlement in North America at Île Sainte-Croix with these special gifts to treasure or give to friends and family.

### 2004 Proof Silver Dollar

Regally packaged, this pure silver dollar coin is beautifully struck in proof finish (frosted details on a brilliant background), double-dated "1604-2004" and comes with a certificate of authenticity.



### 2004 Brilliant Silver Dollar

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### 2004 Proof Set

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MACLEAN'S

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"The idea of Stephen Harper as PM fills me with dread. He may sound like a reasonable man, but make no mistake, leopards don't change their spots." —*Heleen O'Brien, Edmonton*

#### Pre-election jitters

I'm a dual citizen of Canada and the United States and spend roughly half my time in each country. As such, I'm appalled at the possibility of Stephen Harper becoming prime minister ("Our new prime minister?" Cover, June 14). He and the new Conservatives constitute a frightening parallel to George W. Bush and the Republicans. Never mind Harper's so-called "hedge funds," his stated agenda of tax cuts and increased military spending will result in the Americanization of Canadian society. If you vote Conservative, be prepared for huge deficits, inflation, the shredding of the social safety net, alongside the dismantling of gay rights and women's reproductive choice.

*John Kelly, Brentford, Ont.*

Not since the Quebec referendum of October 1995, when Canada almost became a divided country, have I felt such overwhelming fear for this wonderful nation. I refuse to believe that Canadian citizens would sacrifice all the freedoms and rights that we have gained over the years to a party that tries to push itself off in the "Conservative Party." Stephen Harper et al. are only using the Conservatives' party name as a drawing card for votes from the uninformed and those who will, any day now, wake up and think: Liberal! "Conservatives" are so fearful in their ideology that any true economic reality will not sway as far to the left as hawks can go.

*Bernie Moore, Calgary*

On June 14 cover, you asked, "How do you like the sound of Prime Minister Stephen Harper?" The answer: "We love it!" *Linda and Ross Hall, Ipswich, Ont.*

The scarier cover you've ever produced! We wouldn't even have our grandchildren. *Alma G. Strong, Queensland, Aust.*

In their anger over campaign perpetrated by Jean Charest's cabal, many Canadians appear to have forgotten the reasons they wanted Paul Martin to become our next



prime minister. In 1993, Martin took the most difficult job as Canadian prime minister of finance, and did what most people thought was impossible. He dismantled the deficit while providing over a period of unparallelled growth, growth that has continued, even as the U.S. economy has faltered. In other words, Martin proved his competence and earned his chance to be prime minister.

*Scott McDevitt, Toronto*

It is unfortunate that many people in our country do not make the effort to educate themselves before the vote, and it does a greater disservice cover country when people do not bother to vote in elections at all.

#### Remembering Reagan The former president's death evokes a memory

Michael McCafferty of Ingersoll, Ont. wrote in his May 26 article about Ronald Reagan at 128, was your father the former (later former) president. They were attending a Young Republicans convention and Reagan complimented McCafferty on his interest in U.S. politics. "He was my hero," writes McCafferty, "as of the giants of history, along with Lincoln and Churchill."

level of government. Voting for our leaders is not only our right but also our responsibility to ensure. It is also the responsibility of all media to help educate the public as to the choices. Unfortunately, we are subjected to overly bias in our newspapers, magazines, television and radio, which makes it difficult to be properly informed. Where is the courage of the Green Party? Why wasn't the leader of the Green Party, a party that has a full slate of candidates, invited to take part in the televised debate? Maybe if a message got out, that would appeal to a lot of the undecided, or change a few minds.

*Wendy Sheffelt, Saskatoon*

As a volunteer, I vote with others in Kingston's Collins Bay reform security institution on a regular basis. "Doing your time—and doing your best," Cover, June 14. They are human beings who have made mistakes and have been through life's extreme challenges. Advocates of prisoners' right to vote and other rights desire to see accountability and responsibility, but also wish to see valuable and contributing members of society. The Canadian public needs to understand that the large majority of inmates return to their communities. If they are not supported and given the chance to contribute and feel valuable, such as by voting, they may harm the community again.

*Steven Heston, Vienna*

I am the student who asked the question "Why can't people under 18 vote, but the government still taxes us?" ("The Rising Game," Cover, June 14). Young adults are mature enough to hold down jobs, drive, join the military, pay taxes and even live on their own. But we are disenfranchised and treated as if we, whether the government likes it or not, have a great deal to say about the welfare of ourselves and our communities.

*Courtney Kelle, Victoria*

#### Modern D-Days

As a soldier, I challenge the American media in one of your D-Day pieces that there are no men or girls on Canadian soil. "There would you die for?" Cover, June 7. Any one who thinks that will be outgassed in 1945 obviously does not follow the news. In wartime, children have their limbs hacked off by laughing mines, and they are forced to participate in the killing of their own parents. Women are gang-raped and their

# WHAT IS ON?

#### IT'S FLEXIBILITY

On demand is being the flexibility to adapt. That's why Maple Leaf Sports & Entertainment signed Intel to manage and host their Web infrastructure. So they can respond to corporate demands that only pay for what they use. And, Intel reportedly knows on the farm. Intel's site

#### IT'S FOCUS

On demand is focusing on your strengths and finding great partners. With the Intel, MSN and MySpace teamed with IBM, so actively selected can download music faster and without interrupting local networks. Two expert sources: Over 700,000 songs? Why not.

#### IT'S RESPONSIVENESS

On demand is being responsive to everything. But new 2005 Acura RL's supercar-like dynamics, diagnostic information and maintenance reminders via satellite as well as zip traffic, critical traffic conditions. Acura made it happen. IBM Business Consulting Services Topical Driving.

#### IT'S INNOVATION

On demand is making creative choices. Understanding tough problems and using new ideas to solve them. Then incorporating them with technology. The leading doctors join the fight against breast cancer by letting their computer efforts of cancer cells and new technology from IBM. Why not.

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**ON DEMAND BUSINESS**

Islanders and were murdered by the truck load. The perpetrators of these atrocities, bad, bad people. So often, the only way of stopping them is to kill them, or at least crushibly threaten to do so. This is the job of honorable soldiers. They protect those who cannot protect themselves. To do that, they must be able to fight well, and, you, do it for once to this. I would not consider such a death a stigma or pointless one.

Major Raymond Parent, Ottawa

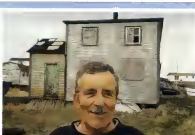
What magazine brought out a flood of emotion this is difficult to describe as I saw my dad's face in a photo of the troops about to disembark from their D-Day landing craft ("When memory fades to black," Cover, June 7). I remember my dad, Fred (Black) Johnson, saying that they got rid of those bikes, seen in the same photo, as soon as they hit the water and were being shot at. It felt like a little kid seeing my dad this way and I told everyone I could of how proud I was of him and reported as much of his stories as I could remember. This was the first time I had seen this picture, letting me glimpse my father as a young man before I was born.

John Johnson, Hamilton

In an otherwise excellent article "When memory fades to black," Bradford Griffith describes the "occupation" of Canadian troops by 88 Gen. Kurt Meyer. These Canadian troops were arrested prisoners of war who were encouraged and then shot on Meyer's order. They were murdered, not executed in a formal courtroom of the United States, Hall, and American flyers were loaded out of their cells, shot and their bodies placed on street corners with a sign that their real name "terror." They also were murdered, not executed. Let us not minimize their and our bravely acting against anyone's language to diminish the horrors of the troops who saved the lives of millions, including mine. (J.R. Brooks, Ottawa, B.C.)

#### Beautiful Newfoundland

What wonderful Canadians, but what a shame that so many must leave to find employment on the mainland ("Goin' down the road," Tim Lott Team, June 14). My wife and I packed up 2,900 km three years ago travelling through New Newfoundland. We were surrounded by the breathtaking beauty of



What a shame that so many Newfoundlanders must leave to find employment on the mainland

this great land. Of course, in these times as the people—beyond friends, they are cheerful, informative and helpful. However, we were saddened to learn that to earn a decent living they had to travel, in some cases to western Canada, for employment. One young man who worked at the Village in L'Anse-au-Loup was working in Calgary, around the days on the calendar to when he could return. When a pay

Albert Fyfe, Kingston, Ont.

#### Prisoner treatment

Of all the arguments and excuses put forth in your latest section in favour of the war in Iraq, and now the torture of prisoners at Abu Ghraib, surely there can be none more repulsive than the idea that the torture of prisoners by U.S. soldiers is somehow made tolerable simply because it's "a very far cry from what Soldiers did in the same place."

"(Solomon's Island)," The Mail, June 14. Since this war was, among other things, supposed to put an end to this kind of cruelty in Iraq, surely it isn't unreasonable to demand a somewhat higher standard of behaviour from the occupying forces? Peter London, Wakebury, Ont.

Barbara Arnold just does not get it. In describing the treatment of Abu Ghraib prisoners by American military guards, she states, "Appalling though it is, the odd rape or simulated execution doesn't cast much mistrust in comparison with methods the terrorists use on their prisoners" ("Turning the house out," Column, June 14). Since when is it acceptable to dehumanize, rape and torture prisoners? The lesson espoused by Arnold and her cohorts, as long as the guards are not behaving prisoners, anything goes. She and her fellow neo-con apologists disgust me with their cowardly of conscience when they fail to speak out against injustice, wherever it may occur, by whoever perpetrates it. Doug Macdonald, Toronto

#### Determined youth

Reading the special report about the 25 young people chosen from a group of 490 nominees was a real joy ("The best and the brightest," May 24). My hope is that parents of young students as well as their teachers will use that report to inspire leaders. The common characteristics described in the profiles of each person are determination and selflessness. They also conveyed the joy they derive following their interests and abilities. Please continue to promote profiles of Canada's young people who are already achieving so much and who will continue to have such a positive effect on not only the lives of Canadians, but worldwide.

Helen Rogers, Hamilton

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**TAKE THIS TEST:** List, roughly all the processes of your business. Ask yourself: Which are differentiating? Which are commodity? Which add value and which hold you back? Where is the greatest cash? The greatest bottleneck? This is how you start. This is how you identify exactly where to start. If it gets you thinking, go deeper at [ibm.com/ondemand](http://ibm.com/ondemand).

**FORGET ABOUT THE FUTURE:** Instead of getting ready for any one thing, get ready for anything. It's the only sure bet. It's the only strategy to launch the unexpected. And it's easier than you think.

# HOW TO GET ON

**SHOCK DOWN THAT WALL:** Yes, business leads and technology enables. But if you sell them that business and technology are directly endeavors you do so at your peril. Get started! Find the runway leader at the very top of every industry. Ask them.

**BE FRAGMATIC:** Start small, but start now. Get results and use the proceeds to render your troops. (Cable: RCI upon ROI.)

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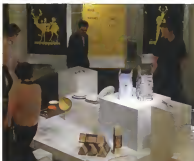


### ABSOLUT CATCH

1 part ABSOLUT VODKA  
Caribbean juice  
2 dashes grapefruit juice

Build over ice in a long-drink glass.  
Garnish with an orange peel.

## MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



### THE MYTH OF THE CABIN

A uniquely Canadian design show sponsored by Maclean's will be open to the general public from July 1 to July 25. Entitled "Cabin," the project showcases more than two-dozen design concepts that take familiar cabin objects and transform them for everyday use—from totes inspired by lawn chairs to nylon blankets that offer protection from mosquitoes.

"We're proud to support an exhibit that is inspired by a concept so iconic and uniquely Canadian—especially at a time when many of our readers are spending their Canada Day weekend at their cottages," says Rachael Mackenzie, Maclean's Group Director of Marketing Communications.

"The cabin speaks to the particularly Canadian mythology of wilderness," adds Michael Erdmann, one of the show's organizers. "It occupies a unique space between imagined identity and lived reality. The Cabin project invites Canadian designers to re-examine this myth."

The Cabin exhibit debuted at the Tokyo Designers Block 2003. Since then, the show's organizers put out an open call for submissions for new work. An acclaimed jury of Canadians across the world selected additional pieces by Canadian artists—works by Patty Johnson, Joanne Nodkin and an impressive group of emerging designers. The show arrives at Toronto's Design Exchange after having travelled in May to New York City's Fiksen Design House (above) during the International Contemporary Furniture Fair 2004.

Says Erdmann: "Having Maclean's as a sponsor is a great way for us to reach people who may not necessarily think about the role design plays in their everyday lives, but who value a Canadian perspective."

For more information about Cabin, visit [www.reetkenbrand.com](http://www.reetkenbrand.com).

To help you celebrate Canada's design scene, Maclean's will host a series of events. For more information about this article, contact [behindthescenes@maclean.ca](mailto:behindthescenes@maclean.ca).



# ABSOLUT BOUNTY.

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# CAPTURE CANADA PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



## Grand Prize Winner

Receives a Fujifilm FinePix S7000 Digital Camera Prize Package



**Juliane Tennet**  
Location: Nova Scotia, NS

Thanks to everyone who participated.  
We hope you enjoy these winning photos  
as much as we do.

Celebrating 100 years of Canadian Refreshment!

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## Finalists

Each receives a Fujifilm FinePix A330 Digital Camera



**Adam Gagliardi**  
Location: Lake Louise, AB



**Greg Enoch**  
Location: Whistler, BC



**Shawn Mordick-Ruth**  
Location: Whangarei Harbour, Whangarei Bay, NZ



**Krista Plouffe**  
Location: St. George's, NS



**Janice Stephens**  
Location: Brockton, MA, USA, US



**Chris George**  
Location: Canmore, Alberta, Canada, CA



**Paul Gagliardi**  
Location: St. John's, NL



**Teri Lynn Belliveau**  
Location: Penticton, BC, Canada, CA



**Paul Brown**  
Location: Whistler, BC, Canada, CA



**Erynn Anderson**  
Location: Deer Brook, N.Y., USA, US



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# UPFRONT

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## Post-mortem | Spotting the chaos around 9/11

Understandably, there was confusion in high places that sunny Tuesday morning when hijacked passenger jets plummeted into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The extent of that chaos is only now coming clear. A report by the blue-ribbon panel investigating the Sept. 11 attacks depicts air traffic controllers who lost track of the hijacked planes, fighter jets that were scrambling without clear targets—in some cases without missiles or bullets to shoot anything down—and a White House with a communication system so chaotic, President George W. Bush was forced to call in on a cellphone.

To some extent, confusion still reigns. A key conclusion of the bipartisan inquiry—"no credible evidence that Iraq and al-Qaeda co-ordinated an attack against the United States"—was accepted, just barely, by Bush. He continued to maintain there was a larger relationship between his two main adversaries—even as the

Bush fought back—but the evidence is that Saddam rebuffed Osama's pleas to put training camps in Iraq.

Among the new information, gleaned from intercepts the U.S. with planes was formally set in motion in 1999 and initially had 10 targets. One of those selected to be a pilot is said to be a Taliban-born Canadian, Abdullah al-Jayl, who is still at large.

For the panel, a grave concern was that the shoot-down order, given to the Pentagon by Vice-President Dick Cheney— relayed from Bush, Cheney maintained— took almost an hour to reach the fighter pilots. For those watching the re-enactment on TV, the most chilling moment had to be the previously unheard voice of commander Mohammed Aun from a hijacked cockpit: "We have some planes. Just stay quiet and you'll be OK."

**Quote of the week** | "The reason I keep insisting that there was a relationship between Iraq and Saddam and al-Qaeda is because there was a relationship between Iraq and al-Qaeda." U.S. President GEORGE W. BUSH

## ScoreCard

### UPPER HEAD

Kirchener, 40, "just in time" issued apology and finally pays six-figure fine for role in global infestation of electronic junk mail. Good news: courts urge to apologize via mass e-mailing. On other hand, courts questioning for only slight less annoying job, as rock drummer.

### NAKED CYCLISTS

Organizers claim 1,000 people in 24 cities don't don't for first World Naked Bike Ride to promote "off-line transportation." Most real exposure is only place cyclists arrested. Some police didn't get link between oil and clothes. Guess, does anyone?

### EARL OF RAINY

Dies at 53, most noted for not making a single speech during 25 years in British House of Lords. Believed only "the bright ones are supposed to speak." Colleagues, after leaders' election debates, ordered to agree.

### OLYMPIC COSTS

Servet fear decade of debt because of Olympic over-spending on security and lavish stadium. 1976 Summer Games at debt because of Olympic over-spending on security and lavish stadium. 1976 Summer Games at debt because of Olympic over-spending on security and lavish stadium.

## WORLD

**SADAM** Whether the world's most famous captive? Iraq's new government demand of the deposed dictator be handed over along with the transfer of political authority on June 30. George W. Bush, however, said that war security still a problem throughout the Middle East, he would not give up his price prisoner until Iraqis had their house in order.

Persecuting Bush's reluctance, a car bomber in Baghdad, the second in a series of attacks, killed 48 Iraqis wounded nearly 130 others, most of them young men lining up to enlist in the new Iraqi army. Meanwhile in Saudi Arabia, an al Qaeda group behind American hostage Paul Johnson Jr., a 49-year-old civilian who worked on military helicopters there. He was the second U.S. hostage to suffer such a fate.

**EUROPEANICS** Cautious Europeans either not on their hands or voted for peace parties to fill the 732-seat European Parliament. In some countries, less than 10 percent bothered to vote, while governing coalitions in France, Germany and Italy, among others, lost ground to opposition groups.

**GAZA** The decision by Israeli prosecutors not to pursue bribery charges against Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has breathed new life into his plan to clear the Gaza Strip of Jewish settlers over the next 18 months.



**LIFE SENTENCE** Michael Livers, 36, a nondescript software developer with no criminal record, received an automatic life sentence after pleading guilty to the murder of Holly Jones, a badly 10-year-old Toronto girl he grabbed off the street on May 13 last year, sexually assaulted and strangled. Livers said the act sprung from a lifelong obsession, and from watching child pornography—which provoked an outcry over the ease with which such images can be obtained. Ontario devised a crackdown on Internet providers that host child porn sites. But for Holly's mother, Mira Talbot, the heartbreak was far from over. "This person has affected all of our family's lives—always in one catastrophe," she said. "I live with a fear that someday one day after day."



Allegations that Sharon had used his influence to help a developer friend in the late 1990s had been hanging over the prime minister's minority government. Sharon is now hoping to lure a former ally, Labour Party leader Shimon Peres, back into a coalition. He also wants to build a 25-mile deep trench along the four-kilometer border between Gaza and Egypt, to hinder weapons smugglers.

**GULF WAR SYNDROME** Going where governments fear to tread, the Royal British Legion is launching an independent inquiry, under retired appeals judge Lord Lloyd of Berwick, into the conditions of approximately 5,000 British soldiers who have been suffering a complex array of physical and psychological symptoms since the first Gulf War in 1990. For years, the legion has pleaded with successive British governments for a public inquiry into the mysterious syndrome, which has also bedeviled Canadian and U.S. troops.

**AMERICAN JUSTICE** American schoolchildren can still affirm loyalty to their nation "under God." The U.S. Supreme Court threw out an atheist father's challenge to the Pledge of Allegiance on a technicality, leaving aside the central issue of whether the pledge is an unconstitutional alliance of Church and State.

According to once-sealed court documents, entrepreneur Michael Jackson paid US\$15.3 million in 1994 to the family of a 13-year-old boy he was accused of molesting. The payment was not to be seen as an admission of wrongdoing, his lawyers said. He is to stand trial in September on charges involving a 12-year-old boy.

## CANADIAN FEATS

First it was 130 acrobats in Toronto, aiming to blow their way into the instant books with the *Wrecking Ball* or *Conan*. Then, now it's 140 still-living Bears of Grease by David Frankopolis in Montreal. This country may have the maddest show on the boards.



"Invent" is more than a 6-letter slogan on the wing.

HP and the BMW Williams F1 Team worked side by side at every stage of the development of the FW26 car. Using Linux-based supercomputers, HP played a vital role in the aerodynamic modeling of the car's radical new shape, conducting simulations with sub-millimeter accuracy. And the design process continued - monitor, analyze, invent - with every lap turned, all season long. When we put "invent" on the wing, it's because it's true. [www.hp.co/plus\\_bmwwilliamsf1](http://www.hp.co/plus_bmwwilliamsf1)

bmw williams f1 team



= everything is possible



invent

## HEALTH | SCIENCE

**DOCTOR SHORTAGE** Nearly 3.6 million Canadians, almost a tenth of the population, have no family doctor—an irony not for lack of trying. In its annual health survey, Statistics Canada found that 1.2 million people had been searching for a doctor without success, and that the shortage was almost as acute in urban as in rural centres.

The survey also found that obesity rates are climbing—so 14.9 per cent from 14.1 per cent two years ago—and that the weight gains were made right across the board, including among those under 25. One-third of Canadians are clinically overweight.

**SEX AND DRUGS** Procter & Gamble Inc., the consumer company that brings you Tide detergent and Crest toothpaste, says it may have developed a female Viagra, a testosterone-treated skin patch called Iovista that, in tests, produced a 51 per cent increase in satisfying sexual activity in menopausal women with sexual problems.

Creating talk of a "commitment pill" for men, scientists at Emory University in Atlanta genetically manipulated the pleasure centre on the brains of a constantly pleasuring rodent, the mouse male, so that males would mate for life.

**COCAINE VACCINE** A British company has developed a vaccine that may help cocaine addicts kick the habit. The vaccine does not endline cravings, but it prevents users from getting a high when they take the drug.

**INTENTIONS** When it comes to giving blood, Canadians have the best of intentions but less than four per cent actually follow through, a survey for Canadian Blood Services found. That's much less than the blood donor rate in Britain, the U.S., Japan and many other industrialized countries.

## CANADA

**QAY NUMBERS** Statistics Canada has suggested some in the homosexual community weren't finding that only 1.7 per cent of Canadians consider themselves gay or bisexual. Based on a survey of 81,719 men and women between 18 and 59, the finding is not out of line with other North American studies, but it is still a far cry from the 10 per cent figure in the famous Kinsey sex reports over 50 years ago, which have offended the loose of dogma.

**SERIAL KILLER** Edmonton police and RCMP discovered the body of another dead prostitute in a field outside the city. 19-year-old Rachel Quinney, a member of two who had

earlier approached witnesses for help in leaving the streets. That brings to nine the number of murdered sex workers—and it's not all the cocaine involved—in theory and in fact. Police have set up a special task force, and for the first time said they may be looking for a serial killer.

**STUN GUNS** Toronto police Chief Julian Finkelstein said he would like to see all officers equipped with stun guns—which shoot off a non-lethal jab of electricity—so subdue unruly individuals. This concept came up as a 26-year-old man, brandishing a knife, was shot and killed in a north end park by three officers, all of whom fired their weapons. It was the second Toronto police shooting of a young man in less than a month.

The Ontario government is also supporting more widespread use of stun guns, a growing tactic in North American policing. As well, it expanded an experimental youth mentoring program to five troubled Toronto communities. Travels to courtroom-low-risk offenders away from the courts and toward a committee of community representatives that can devise alternative punishments.



## ON THE LAM

Members of the Mowichuk Mowichuk First Nation in northern BC and into the treacherous sea were from Department of Fisheries and Fisheries and Aquaculture officials went to capture and murder the 18-year-old with his gun, but the Indians feel the government's actions are a betrayal of a sacred chief who passed away just before the boat showed up in their coastal town years ago.



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## Mansbridge on the Record



## WHAT IS A CANADIAN?

In Normandy, where 5,000 of our troops died, they know the answer: we're giants

**A FEW WEEKS AGO**, I was in Normandy. The memories linger. We're famous for always asking "What is a Canadian?" We usually fail to agree on an answer. When you go to Normandy, to stroll over the St. Aubert-sur-Mer, Conches-sur-Mer, or Bernières-sur-Mer, no one has that problem. They set us a sign: "We discover why by visiting two other places. Béry-sur-Mer and Conches. There, you find the Canadian war cemeteries in Normandy, which hold the bodies of about 5,000 Canadians killed liberating the region from the Nazis. The cemeteries are immaculately kept. Perfect rows. Perfectly tended grass. Perfect flowers. Perfectly peaceful. On each gravestone, you see the name of the Canadian who lies beneath, and his decorations, regiment and rank. On some, you see a message from family: "We will always miss our dear boy" or "You gave your life so that the world would be free."

If that doesn't break your heart, the next bit of information on the gravestone surely will: it's their ages. Occasionally, you see someone who was 33 or 34 when death arrived. Those are the old ones. Many graves are filled by men who were 24, 22, 19, 18. Did I just write "men"? There are four graves in Conches occupied by 17-year-olds, and three by soldiers who never saw their 17th birthdays.

The youngest was Gérard Dard from Roubaix, Que.—16 years, 11 months old when he died fighting in the uniforms of his country—our country—in a bloody land.

This year's June 6-D-Day commemorations had exciting international commotions, but there were many small events, too. At the

cemetery in Conches, the mayor spoke to Canadian cadets, telling them: "Canadians were a noble people, and that France will never forget them. At the Abbaye d'Ardenne, where 20 Canadians were murdered by the SS, a memorial service indicated a man who witnessed the execution. He said: "Canadians had given their lives so that people like him could live in freedom and prosperity. In a tiny village next to the abbey, another mayor made his remarks with words from the bottom of his heart: "Vive le Canada."

If you've been to Normandy near a D-Day anniversary, you know the following to be true: more Canadian flags fly there than you see in Ottawa on Canada Day. Big flags and small, not just on flagpoles at city halls but on private homes, grown into the grass, planted on cemeteries. If you're a typical Canadian, resent about showing patriotic fervour, it will come as a shock—but believe me, you get used to it.

Of course, you realize that the outpouring of love isn't for anything you have done, it's for those Canadians of another generation. Some lie in those powerful spots in Béry and Conches. The ones who landed at Juno Beach: it's far from our nation's shores, but it could not possibly be more Canadian, because it holds the blood of our fathers and grandfathers. When the people of Normandy see Canadians today, they see those youngsters who first charged the shore—who had been told not to stop a master who fell beside them, men like a brother, or close friend. They see us as the liberators of their land. They honour our past, as we should certainly do, by knowing it. Because when a small-town mayor in France delivers a stirring and heartfelt "Vive le Canada," it is our duty not only to be proud, but to make sure that the Canadian he is talking to die 60 years ago.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC television news and anchor of The National. To comment, letter@mansbridge.ca

## Passages

**HONOURED** *Lois Michalski*, 59, the Toronto-born creator and producer of the *Saturday Night Live* empire, will be posthumously awarded the prestigious Mack Young Prize for American Humor on Oct. 25.

**APPOINTED** Former Canadian spy master *Rod Morden*, 65, the ex-director of CSIS, will head a probe investigating corruption at the UN. The inquiry was set up in response to reports that up to US\$10 billion was skimmed from a UN food-for-oil program in Iraq during the time of Saddam Hussein.

**AWARDED** Toronto-based photographer *Edward Burtynsky*, 49, known for his pictures of altered landscapes, won \$30,000 for the *Robert R. Ryan Photography Book Award*, for his images of China's Three Gorges Dam. This was the fourth and final such award—from now on, the money will go toward scholarships for young photographers.

**AILING** Energetic Toronto Blue Jays radio announcer *Teen Check*, who had broadcast 4,306 consecutive regular season games since the team's start in 1977, is recovering from surgery for a brain tumour. Check, 65, missed his first game on June 3, after the death of his father.

**REWARDED** World Wide Web inventor *Tim Berners-Lee*, who could have made billions had he charged for his creation, was awarded the Finnish government's Järvi Millennium Technology Prize, worth US\$1.2 million. The humble 49-year-old first launched the world's first Web site in 1991.



**SHORTEN** Calgary Flames defenceman *Nikke Shotton*, 24, lost his legendary Viking look, by having his red hair and beard shaved for cancer research. Comander's mother, *Elaine*, a principal at a Port Isaac school, Alta., school, did the honours, raising \$38,000.

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# A VOTERS' GUIDE

The campaign may have made you cranky, but there are real issues at stake. JOHNGEDDES examines them—above all, he says, get out and vote.

**LISTEN TO THE JAZZED PUNDITS** and politicos, and you'd think this election marks an all-time low. Canadians, we're told, are disgusted with politics. Low-voter turnout's widely predicted for June 28. And no wonder: last week's TV debate in English was mired, on various opinion pages, as a "hard-boiled fight" among leaders who "tall-talked," what with all their "sweeping," "catching," and "fusing." It all sounds less than inspiring. But consider this: this campaign is right to be seen by someone arriving suddenly from a country where Canada is barely known—say, the U.S. Who's the incumbent? Only a self-made millionaire who became one of the most successful salesmen in print ever. His name? Mr. Money. A briny caricature who united the country's fractious single-winger against all expectations. That

guy with the moustache? Just an insignificant veteran of municipal politics in the country's biggest metro polis. Of course, each is comfortably defending a detailed platform in both official languages.

So if you're cranky, get over it. If you're apathetic, get interested—these are luridly colorful cancer politicians. Stephen Harper is an impetuous, tenacious Conservative. Harasac on Paul Martin's right has activated the Prime Minister's left liberal side, especially on issues such as divorce. The NDP's Jack Layton has tried to sharpen his message to avoid being squeezed out on the big guy square off. The revealed blue Quebecer is a big factor in minority government scenarios, but not so much in policy, since the opposition obviously don't aspire to run Canada. The Greens hope to win a seat or two, but their day as major players has yet to dawn. And so, Muskoka often this scene of the core choices for Canadians outside Quebec—Liberal, Conservative or NDP—in the promise that disunionists, and cynics don't cut it as this campaign comes down to a stirring stretch run.

## HEALTH, THE PROVINCES, AND LEADERSHIP

Martin says health care is his top concern, and showcasing waiting times his signature

promise. Harper made a strategic decision not to allow himself to get portrayed, as Stockwell Day did in 2000, as weak on preserving medicine. So both Martin and Harper make this a big-rider race. From the Liberals' \$9 billion, plus more to be hashed out

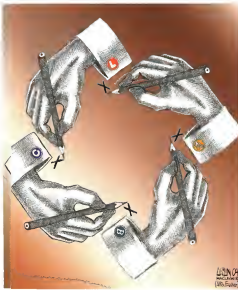
**THESE** are hardly cookie-cutter politicians. The leaders are offering some fundamentally different choices.

with the provinces. From the Tories' \$9.2 billion for the provinces, plus \$2.8 billion for a federal drug plan. But the key difference is not in the numbers. Martin asserts Ottawa's leadership role in setting health policy direction, Harper says: "The provinces have ultimately got to solve this because they are running the system." Layton's emphasis is less on which level of government faces problems than in charging for profit firms from the system, even if they deliver services paid for by public insurance.

**PARENTS, KIDS, AND CASH FOR CARE** North America's conservatives have long laid claim to being preoccupied with "fam-

ily values," and Harper's tax platform leans that way with a \$3,000-per-child tax deduction. (Currently, the tax code offers deductions only for child care costs if both parents work.) Martin's plan targets only families that use day care: \$5 billion to create up to 300,000 more subsidized spaces. That's done to the NDP's proposal to spend \$5.2 billion to make room for another 200,000 kids in day care. Layton would also remove the GST from family essentials. While debate on the family file has been muted, the ideological divide here is wide. The Liberals call the two-income family "the reality of modern life." Shortly after being founded last year, the new Conservative party committed itself to eliminating tax "inequities between single and dual-income families."

**TAXES, SPENDING, AND CREDIBILITY** What's left out of a political platform can be as telling as what gets in. Martin does not dangle tax cuts in the Liberal plan. Harper promises a 25-per-cent federal income-tax reduction for middle-income earners, or about \$1,000 on a \$50,000 salary. Layton would roll back gas business tax cuts, and at the same time impose hefty new taxes on inheritances over \$1 million and incomes above \$250,000. The Liberals contend that Harper's deep tax cuts, combined with his spending promises, leave a gaping "black hole" in the Conservative platform—as the sum of \$1 billion a year. It all boils down to a dispute over how fast spending on existing government programs must rise to sustain them. Liberals assume a 4.5-per-cent annual growth; the Conservatives would keep that down to three per cent. Martin warns that the Conservative track would require painful cuts. Harper



## RatingGame

★ The leaders' "debates" were anything but. Next time they should try writing Canadian high schools to see how it's done.

★★★★ Far missing the issue, to members of Canada's arts community who decry the lack of attention to culture in this campaign. "Not one word," said actress Sissy Smith after the debates, "over them a link, Sissy—showing our own other & art world."

★★★★ New Brunswick Premier Bernard Lord endorses Stephen Harper's plan to overhaul the Senate and make it an elected body. A plan for better regional representation, or government choice?

★ The Conservative riding association in Ottawa-Cornwall filed a complaint over NDP candidate Ed Broadbent's rap video, *Guts Black*. Seems they think the spot, shown on the Web after it was produced by the Hour 22 Minutes but never aired, exceeds the Liberal financing limit. What's a sense of humor?

★★★★ To Canada's Lib. Gen. Rick Hillier, commander of NATO's International Security and Assistance Force in Afghanistan. Noting in an advance poll, he called it a "reminder of what democracy should be, both for Canada and—without tautology—has been warning—and is trying to establish a new government." He makes us more determined to exercise our democratic rights, he'll say.

★★★★ Some Tory insiders said that if Harper wins he could face a messy fight within the party between moderates and social conservatives. Infighting Conservatives—who ever heard of such a thing?



## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

They promise the Earth. But no matter who wins, we'll all rue the parties' platforms.

**LONG AFTER THIS ELECTION**, when the better name calling has subsided, parties will likely regret much of their sprawling platforms. On the hearings, such promises may seem logical, perhaps even deliciously attractive. But the impossible can often spell trouble when the vote is over. The Tories, Liberals and NDP will probably have reasons to rue.

**CONSERVATIVES:** The so-called new-withstanding clause was tacked into the Charter of Rights and Freedoms in 1981 as a last-minute compromise to non-provincial consent for constitutional change. The phrasing is deceptively mild: it allows provincial and federal legislatures to pass laws that operate notwithstanding the Charter's guarantees of fundamental freedoms—religion, equality rights and the like—and legal rights such as jury rights. Such notwithstanding provisions can be reviewed every five years.

In effect, the clause was a safety measure: permit a narrow escape hatch in case court-adopted conservative interpretations of the new Charter. But it is also a Canada compromise, maintaining a delicate balance between the courts and Parliament. In the 22 years since its enactment, legal scholars have written volumes on the clause's significance, accounting for precedents like *Proclamation*, *denouncing* or *genuinely* blessing it. Only three provinces—Quebec, Alberta and Saskatchewan—have ever used it.

“They are full of vague promises, empty commitments and policy proposals that could unleash forces no one can control.”

It is a tradition of delicate, mutually cautious respect. This is about as far more than any marriage when parties declare that parliamentarianism will function as the final interpreter of basic rights, they may unleash forces they cannot control.

**LIBERALS:** Paul Martin outlined policy promises. But you wouldn't know that from a platform muffled with broadside like the creation of a “national strategic framework” for the auto industry. Even the extra billions for health seem audacious, merely more of the pretty sums, lacking costly provisions such as timely care guarantee. Imagine, says international relations expert Tom Iversley, if Martin had stressed issues that are within Ottawa's oversight: How can we exploit opportunities arising from Asia's rapidly expanding economies? How should we deal with the threat of terrorism? How can we keep open the Canada-U.S. border in perilous times? Instead, the platform inadvertently underlines the paucity of new, edge issues.

**NDP:** Leader Jack Layton has cobble together a grab bag of costly promises ranging from huge increases in foreign aid to the creation of a new 200,000-sq-km space. The party has also aspired to a better world. For example, but, despite its claims, its spending almost certainly exceeds what the NDP could raise from its promises to hike taxes. The planned U.S.-style volunteerism as an larger measure would be successful. All claims are now based on decimal realizations of capital gains—which the U.S. does not use.

“This would [effectively end up] raising capital income gains,” warns C.D. Howe Institute president Jack Man. “And that would discourage saving.”

There are lemons here that no party ever wants. Promise the Earth—and you may learn. But as you reap the whirlwind.

Mary Janigan is a political and policy writer. [maryjanigan@mediamatters.org](mailto:maryjanigan@mediamatters.org)

countries that reasonable nations is all that's needed to stick to his proposal.

**SCANDAL, POLITICS, AND DEMOCRACY** Martin has been hampered on ethics, paying the price of guilt by party affiliation. He wasn't directly implicated in the sponsorship affair, but was, after all, a Liberal scandal. His reaction included launching a judicial inquiry, tightening financial controls, and creating an ethics commissioner who reports to Parliament. Harper and Layton talk up ethics, but their more intriguing proposals have to do with basic reform. Harper wants fixed election dates every four years, elected senators, and regulation of parties' leadership and candidate selection processes—all steps that shift our system closer to the

## THE hottest arguments in this campaign have been over hot-button social issues such as gay marriage

U.S. model. Layton's pitch is for proportional representation, which would give parties MPs based on their share of the vote, not just where they place their in a riding. That would be good for small parties, but would likely lead to more minority governments.

**WAR, PEACE, AND THE MISSILE SHIELD** Harper would boost the fighting capability of the Canadian Forces, injecting \$7 billion over five years, largely to pay for purchases such as new tanks. The Conservatives call for gradually, but dramatically, increasing the number of full-time troops in uniform to 60,000 from about 50,000 now. The Liberals promise a more modest boost by up to \$1 billion over five years, and would increase the full-time ranks by 5,000, adding a new brigade designed for “peace support.” Less clear is the Liberal-Conservative division participating in the controversial U.S. missile defense shield. Harper is for it, but Martin hasn't made a final decision. Layton, not surprisingly, is firmly opposed. The NDP generally doesn't make the military's geography, although Layton is in favour, like his rivals, of buying new he kept open to replace the aging Sea Kings.

**INDUSTRY, GOVERNMENT, AND MONEY** Martin goes crooked with balancing Ottawa's books, but his role as finance minister in

managing up federal funding for basic research, especially at universities, gets less attention. His 2004 platform stresses cutting the fruits of such research into commercial products, and also jump \$2 billion into regional, rural and industrial development. Harper is open to that sort of industrial strategy, proposing instead to cut business subsidies by up to \$4 billion a year, and then think business taxes by an equal amount. It's a classic ideological clash. Liberals favour a busy government head in the economy. Conservatives want to lower taxes and get out of the way. Layton's ideas on industry tend to be more narrowly focused, such as tax breaks for developing greater auto technology. Overall, Layton worries more about shielding jobs at home from foreign competition unleashed by trade deals the NDP denounces as unfair.

## RIGHTS, POLITICS, AND THE JUDGES

The campaign's hottest arguments have been over hot-button social issues. Liberals claim Conservatives secretly plan to restrict legal abortion. Harper flatly denies having any such intention. More substantial is Martin's charge that Harper would use the Charter of Rights and Freedoms' notwithstanding clause to nullify any Supreme Court of Canada ruling that legislatures were unconstitutional. Harper has tried to sidestep this one, saying he would hold a free vote in the House of Commons on the issue, and that he'd respect the courts to accept the outcome. Still, he has not ruled out resorting to the notwithstanding clause, which allows Parliament to pass laws that violate court-defined Charter rights. Martin says he would never do so, and Layton sides with him. Harper generally wants courts to be more cautious in interpreting the Charter—and in prime minister he would fit in with the top court. Such appointments could conservatively be the next prime minister's most lasting legacy.

Of course, there's much more. Environment. Cries *Aggravate!* All the parties pitch their full platforms on Web sites: [www.liberal.ca](http://www.liberal.ca), [www.conservative.ca](http://www.conservative.ca), [www.ndp.ca](http://www.ndp.ca), [www.thegreenparty.ca](http://www.thegreenparty.ca). Check them out before voting on June 28.

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## Campaign2004 Trail Mix



## WHAT A MESS

The debates were a display of tortured logic and bad manners. It's time for a change, says PAUL WELLS.

IS IT ANY WONDER that the more loose-lipped and free-wheeling the televised leaders' debates get, the lower voter participation falls at federal elections?

Certainly, it's hard to imagine anyone turned off the TV after the June 15 debate and said, “Well, now I'm more inclined about my candidate than ever.” The two-hour display of rammed logic, denigration and poor man-

ners, served in inescapable layers of crosswalk by leaders who appear to govern the country but cannot even govern themselves, was a cure for voter apathy—just only because it was likelier to inspire voter rage.

The preceding night's French debate was the broadcast's angriest: it drew less than half the devoted “free-for-all” segments



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# AFTER THE ARMY LEFT

CFB Chilliwack used to be an integral part of this B.C. town, until it closed in 1998 because of Liberal cutbacks. People haven't forgotten, writes KEN MACQUEEN.

**JIM HARRIS, 59, ORIENTS HIMSELF** by looking at the empty shell of what was the junior ranks club of the late, lamented Canadian Forces Base Chilliwack, in B.C.'s lush Fraser Valley. His barracks were here, he says, ending across a meagre patch of lawn to the spot where he bunk would have been. He'd first arrived here in the war, as a 16-year-old kid from Bradford, Ont. His parents were dead. There'd been a spate of legal trouble, and the judge offered some career advice: "Join the army, boy," he'd said.

Seems now: There was an army apprentice program at the time. Harris got an education and training as a fitter, a military engineer. From a hurried wartime construction in 1942, until then-finance minister Paul Martin triggered its closure as part of a series of military personnel cuts and base consolidation in his 1995 federal budget, CFB Chilliwack was the home of the engineer branch of the Canadian Forces. Military engineers are usually the first to arrive and last to leave trouble spots around the globe, building—or destroying, as the case may be—airfields, roads and water supplies. They ford rivers or demolish bridges, they consider minefields safe. By the time Harris left military service in 1994, he'd visited 28 countries, served as camp sergeant major at one of Canada's Gulf War bases in Qatar, and was an expert in bomb disposal.

More than that, he'd found a family in the military, and a home at its base. Today, its impact is as fierce and deep-seated as a footprint in sand, but Harris, president of the CFB Chilliwack Historical Society, is among many in this city of 70,000 who keep alive the memory of the base—and of the Liberal government that killed it. Tearing the site on a recent June day, he and his friend Jim Lobé, 66, a long retired military engineer and vice-president of the historical society, swap at the All Boppers' Canteen, an ongoing nameless concert quarter and cornered by engineers after the Second World War, and still meticulously maintained. They ward on the lawn of the officers' mess

where Princess Margaret boogied to a military band playing Rock Around the Clock. Harris points to the pole where he had the fearful honour of lowering the flag for the final time at the former Canadian Forces School of Military Engineering. The building, now used by local high school, was still under construction when the base closure was announced. "They have a lot of people out here," Lobé says of the Liberals. "This was quite a base."

British Columbia has long had a children-and-egg relationship with the powers that be in Ottawa, which came first, B.C.'s alienation from the federal government, or the feds' alienation from B.C. In only three of the past 10 elections have provincial voters strongly supported the party that formed the government. The result, in the prevailing view, is a decade of political grey flowing west, and a stream of voter cynicism flowing east. The closure of CFB Chilliwack, many locals agree, is a prime example of the cycle.

Many connected to the base after variations



of the same conspiracy theory: the 1995 military cuts targeted opposition ridings to the benefit of Liberal strongholds. Both the Fraser Valley and Calgary were Reform party country when the 1995 budget dished the losses in those ridings and consolidated opposition in Liberal-friendly Edmonton. Chilliwack's engineering school, meanwhile, relocated to CFB Gagetown, N.B., in the



Providence ending of Liberal MP Andy Scott. "That was a political decision and it just didn't make any sense," says retired Lt. Col. Ralph Keen, 72, wearing a cap emblazoned with "Fraser Valley" and "a motto of Canadian Military Engineers. He's spent the morning with other volunteers working on the base archives, part of a determined effort to keep memory alive. As for the

Liberal legacy in Chilliwack, he says, "Oh, we won't forget."

Chilliwack Mayor Chuck Munro, 50, prefaces his comments with a reluctance to politicize the issue, before diving right in. "You can look at the politics of that decision and it stands out pretty clearly what was going on," he says. Like many in the community, Munro has strong ties to the base

His father was a major in the engineering corps. Part of Harris's childhood was spent in a PMQ flat, one of the kids living in the base's Permanent Married Quarters. Actor Michael J. Fox, whose father, William, was a sergeant specialist in encryption and decoding, was another childhood resident. Fox wrote locally of Chilliwack's "no-guarded government real estate" in *Lucky Man*, his best-selling memoir. "PMQs were truly neighbourhoods where folks quickly forged new friendships or re-established old ones," Fox wrote. "Everybody looked out for everybody else and everybody was in the same socioeconomic boat."

Harris, a city councillor when the base closed, says the community had rebounded attempts to close the base under the previous Progressive Conservative government. The Liberals, however, left no room for further debate, even as the government spent millions at the doomed site. "There were buildings they hadn't finished yet on the base," Harris says. "There were tradespeople working on those buildings after the base was closed—that's how ridiculous the decision was."

The closure left B.C.—an earthquake zone—as the only region of the country without a military land force base. The closest replacements to the province's modest reserve units are now in Edmonton, perhaps an hour by air if a natural disaster leaves B.C. support intact and if there are transport planes available to fly or at least a day away if a truck convoy is assembled to ramble through the Rocky Mountains. British Columbia's perceived vulnerability carried little weight with Liberal government, says Chilliwack mayor Chuck Munro, then the Reform MP for the region and now his Conservative candidate. "I think overall it did

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to the cyclones, people felt toward the Lib  
erals, not just in one thing but generally"

The close, cost Chubbuck enlarges single employee, with about 2,000 jobs, and rippled part of island. For more than 50 years, there hardly been a civic event at which the town wasn't represented by its leadership, in labour or in military mayday. Even today, there's an impressive presence of local members leading service clubs or acting as local trustees and committees. And it's also true that in the closest campaigns are both ex-military men who'd served in CFB Chubbuck. Liberal Bob Farmer was a commandant of the Canadian Forces Oficer Candidate School, and New Democrat Robbie Ritchie was a former instructor and tank officer.

Even lesser's opponents concede that the Liberal government's decision to fill the base is easily raised as a doozy issue in the campaign. There was, briefly, media-created speculation that Conservative Leader Stephen Harper's platform to boost military spending included a plan to reopen the base. None of the candidates consider that likely. "I think there's general consensus that its (re)use come and gone," says Keith. "It wouldn't be very practical."

Much of the base set aside for years after its closure, as an additional accommodation for the community. In recent years, however, the site has gone through a rebirth. The IBC has now established a busy training facility at the former officer candidate school. No small Defence continues to operate a small Area Support Unit on the site supporting IBC's scattered reserve forces, and there are plans to re-establish a small military engineering presence on the base. The air staff gained a test in the minds of many Turkish Cypriots during the devastating forest fires last summer by quickly assembling an effective firefighting force of 2,700 reservists and career soldiers, sailors and air crew.

Redevelopment of much of the rest of the base has been turned over to Canada Lands Co., a self-financing Crown corporation with a mandate to extract community and taxpayer benefit from surplus federal lands. It's in the midst of creating a residential neighbourhood from gutted and restored married quarters and new housing



people not born,' Lohé says. 'This was quite a home.'

Negotiations are also underway to create an induction park. The base is expected to house campuses for the University College of the Fraser Valley, the Justice Institute of BC and British Columbia University—part of Chilliwack's transformation from a military to a university town.

The belated redevelopment has the backing of the community and its political leadership, but not many expect that to reduce the animus toward the federal government. To Mayor Holmes, the desegregated CFB Chatham, has one time again, is symptomatic of C-CA's irrelevance to central governments of any province: India the cloud reality matters—the social reality and Quebec. I voice their frustration, people who are going to manage the land not, because it matters what gov. There are chasms over the bridge.

## CANADIANS IN THE DARK ABOUT GINGIVITIS RISK FACTORS

**G**ingivitis. It's a familiar word for an extremely common condition. But do Canadians really know what it means? New survey results reveal that even though more than three quarters of Canadians suffer from gingivitis, only 48 per cent can accurately define gingivitis as the earliest stage of gum disease. And to compound matters, most Canadians aren't aware of the hidden risk factors that make people more prone to getting gingivitis.

If Canadians claim to know what can  
do so many of us suspect

Write the verb  
hygiene can  
can't and  
can't  
can't  
can't

### Spotlight On Gingivitis

So if most Canadians have gingivitis – why  
we know more about it?

Between the sexes, most women (82%) use the term 'gingivitis' than their male (76%). Knowledge of gingivitis in Canada – 89 per cent of Alberta gingivitis is, while 21% unaware of the condition defining the term and Statistix while 53% were up

**75% of people have gingivitis**

Chances are, you're one of them.  
Ask your dental professional.

As cottage prices go through the roof, many urbanites feel shut out, writes CHARLIE GILLIS. So, in a twist on time-shares, builders are offering just

# A PIECE OF PARADISE

**UNTIL RECENTLY,** Rose Keith's dream of owning a cottage in the Gulf Islands looked like a long shot—a privilege reserved for those blessed with inheritance or excellent stock tips. In the last few years, B.C.'s southern archipelago has become as much a playground for rich humans as for orcas and sea lions, with oceanfront lots commanding more than \$700,000 and buyers flocking from the U.S. and Europe to retire in paradise. Keith and her husband Bart Bender, by contrast, were working demanding jobs

in Vancouver to support 11 month-old twin girls. "It wasn't," the 37-year-old lawyer admits, "the best time for us to go looking."

But when a friend alerted her earlier this year to a unique marketing opportunity on Pender Island, Keith's pulse quickened. Rather than competing for existing properties, she and Bender could buy a quarter share of a cottage overlooking Otter Bay, a rock on the island's west shore, where small ferries pass back and forth and houses stand the waves on the red cliffs. For about \$140,000, plus annual maintenance fees, they'd get 12 weeks a year—including one week in the summer—in a beautifully decorated cottage while a management company looked after cleaning the rooms and mowing the floors. Unlike common time-shares, which confer right of use but no title to the land, time-share-called "fractional ownership" would give them a portion of the entire 34-unit development. Keith assumed nervous about acquiring a second residence, but as she pored the brochures, the couple's half-thought of her previous visits to the Gulf Islands. Seagulls. Breaching whales. Warm afternoons on the water.

**FOR MANY** Canadians, a journey through cottage country includes campgrounds, sailing, often as not, with whimsical memories of summer camps or lakes where we first learned to

swim. But that nostalgia can quickly morph into desire—our peculiarly northern instinct for a foothold in the wilderness—followed by resignation and envy as we realize the best lots have been bought up, and those coming on the market sport the price tags of middle-class urban houses. A recent report by Royal LePage Real Estate Services found that values of waterfront cottages doubled 10.3 per cent nationwide over the past year, to an average of \$198,922. Properties in Ontario's vacation heartland ballooned to \$349,485—17.4 per cent more than in 2005—making them practically unobtainable for those already paying a 30-year mortgage. In B.C., the news is even worse. According to a separate survey by Re/Max Canada, waterfront lots in the Gulf Islands are fast approaching the \$1-million mark, while those in the vacation mecca of the Okanagan Valley and the Shuswap Lake area are routinely setting \$500,000 or more.

How, then, does the average person get in? For some, access to the lake may mean looking into a waterfront resort or buying a lakeside condo—hardly the epitome of a glacial retreat. But for Keith and a growing number of people, the answer lies in fractional ownership, a variation on timesharing in which the usage period purchased comes with at least some equity that can be resold. It's a concept pioneered by aircraft vendors and adopted by



condos and lake houses in the late 1990s by hotels and resort developers like Inverness Corp. In Whites, B.C., for example, 52 quarter shares changed hands in 2003, while several hundred owners are waiting their turn each year.

Now, the fractional model has the potential to change the face of the country's most popular cottage areas. Since 1999, developments have been springing up across Ontario's lake country and throughout B.C., offering slices of waterfront cabins and golf-course condos at prices ranging from just \$30,000 for a one-tenth share to as much as \$150,000 for a quarter share. Greg Flaherty, a geography professor at the University of Western Ontario in Prince George, sees such projects as part of a larger shift in vacation land, from individual families using a divided cottage to the sharing of properties. This co-ownership can happen as a result of inheritance or, at high prices, at lots. "Even though a cottage may be owned by a single family, it's now shared among all the children because none can afford to buy a property next door," Halich notes. "Increasingly, however, the market is actually following what had been going on in cottage

country for a long time."

Perhaps no one understands this trend better than John Puffer, a 47-year-old cottage addict who brought fractional ownership projects to Kewagagawong Lake, near Haliburton, Ont. His newly completed three-bedroom cabins, located on a site called Willow's Landing, bear the risk/benefit of those built by the local cottage

## NEIGHBOURS

of fractional projects worry that more owners means more boats, more traffic, more garbage

artists. Full-length porches, Cape Cod-style gables, pine interiors and snug nooks of fresh air. As such, they reflect the simple version he built for himself on the rocky island a five-minute boat ride away, where his family has vacationed for nearly a century. "It's a little bitated because I spent every summer of my childhood outdoors," says Puffer as we trek the shoreline to look at one of his newer cabins. "But I

think the big question for a lot of people is: does it feel like a cottage?"

Apparently, yes. Willow's Landing quickly sold out when it went on the market two years ago, as did a previous, almost identical project called Chateau Point, about five kilometres northeast. Puffer is now on his third development, near Orillia, Ont., and there is no shortage of clients willing to endure his work. Don Bickel, a 54-year-old real estate developer from Toronto, finds the one-tenth ownership model at Willow's Landing perfect for himself, his wife and their twenty-year-old son. "I didn't want the maintenance headache of owning a cottage," says Bickel, who paid more than \$50,000 for his share. "Nor did I want to feel compelled to go every week because I owned the thing."

In this version of cottage, Bickel points out, housekeeping staff visit once the unit each week after check-out, while a management company takes care of such headaches as loose shingles and peeling paint. For their efforts, Bickel pays an annual maintenance fee of \$1,885.

Not everybody, however, is buying out the welcome mat for fractional ownership. Terry Rees, executive director of the Federation of

Ontario Cottagers' Associations, notes that several recent projects in the tiny enclave of Muskoka and Lake of Bays have run into opposition because they look more like urban condominiums than cottages. Even the most rustic developments have spawned worries among established cottagers about an influx of newcomers. More owners, he thinks, means more noise, more boats, more traffic, more garbage. "The scarcity of use goes up when you go from a single-family, 180-ft. frontage seasonal property," says Rees, "to a multi-unit fractional ownership, where you've got maybe 30 people there all the time, every week of the year."

Then there is the issue of the price premium. While there's nothing to suggest shares in cottages won't rise and fall with the rest of the real estate market, they remain relatively untested investments in Canada. Puffer himself warns that buyers shouldn't approach fractional shares as investments, while real estate analysts routinely warn that vacation residences lose value first when a market downturn strikes.

Yet, even with those concerns, the new divided multiple ownership looks more to take root. Blended with unprecedented demand

for vacation properties, developers are finding ways of bringing "the most paying customers to the waterfront," Rees says. Puffer is a case of finding baby boomers—many of whom don't fancy the labor involved in full ownership—and the intensely like probabilities of cottagers is sure to continue. "There are a lot of people who want to be there," Rees adds, "and it's a limited resource."

Back in B.C., Keith and Bender are now nearly seven years of that scarcity. In April, the couple dished off a \$1,000 deposit cheque to join the roughly 70 so-called "priority purchasers" lining up for a crack at the Otter Bay development. But the site they valued last week suggested changed quarters had to accommodate the maximum number of cottagers, they want wider views for their daughter. Still, Keith says, the extra wait taught them that having access of paradise is possible, and they are now looking at a fractional development in a island in Howe Sound. "It's being built in, like, 30 series," she continues. "We still find [fractional] ownership is a great idea, and we're not about to stop looking."

cheryl.gillis@redcom.net

## BEFORE YOU SIGN UP

Developers of fractional cottage projects are quick to differentiate their products from time shares, which were played by headcandies in the 1950s and '60s. But the two concepts are closely related, and prospective buyers should ask questions.

**WHAT'S THE PRODUCT?** Just obvious that it sounds, like, like a time share, or whether you're purchasing part of the building you'll be staying in, the space it sits on or the entire development property. Fractional ownership usually means the latter.

**WHO'S THE SELLER?** Check the developer's background through the Real Estate Bureau. Web sites dedicated to exposing fraudsters or the Canadian Resort Development Association ([www.rcda.com](http://www.rcda.com)), which tracks troublemakers.

**WHAT'S THE HURRY?** Pressure sales tactics are a bad sign. The CRA, for example, requires its members to provide at least a five-day period for buyers to back out of a deal. Those not part of the Association should at least offer the same.

**WHAT'S IN THE FINE PRINT?** Knowing your rights and obligations prevents nasty surprises later, and sometimes shareholders have been hit hard by cash calls for repairs or upkeep. Good fractional projects include contingency funds for maintenance and emergency repairs.

**HAVE YOU CASHED THE HOOD?** Make sure the property will have the features you want (boat dock, golf course), and check a company's history for zoning issues, liens, etc. If there is a local opposition to the project, you could be waiting a while.

**DOES THE MATH ADD UP?** Typical mountain resort fees run \$1,500 to \$3,000 per year. Remember, you can rent one beautiful cottage every summer for \$5,000. CA

## BUYING SOME TIME

Water, trees—and you don't have to clean up



**ON THE MARKET NOW:** 1. Predator Ridge, Vernon, B.C. One-tenth share of this full cottage, with access to swimming pool and hot tub, recently went up for sale at \$114,000. 2. Camunda, Puffer Island, B.C. A quarter share of a one-bedroom cottage with lots—one of 21 units, to be completed in late 2006—runs between \$79,800



and \$138,000. 3. Tory's Landing, Sparrow Lake, Ont. Features 18 cottages spread along 1,800 feet of shore, with each divided into 30 shares at \$54,000 to \$59,000 each, plus \$1,800 in annual maintenance fees. 4. Corbett Cove, Lake of Bays, Ont. One-tenth share in week in summer plus four in other seasons costs between \$63,900 and \$87,900; fees are \$1,700 a year.

# BABES IN BREWLAND

In the world according to beer ads, women are eye candy, not a target audience

**FINALLY, CANADA DAY.** Time to completely purge the inventory of Calgary's advertising agency 7 loss and to focus on more immediate things—summer getaways, adult Neil Young, perhaps, a case of ice cold brewskies and good times with the boys. Outside of hockey scenes, this is about as Canadian as it gets. Assuming, of course, you're one of the boys.

Canadian women, on the other hand, have never been active participants in beer culture—the neopics, the lightheads—despite the fact that 35 per cent say they drink beer regularly. Sure, they show up in the ads, but only to provide cleavage and the promise of higher-added sex. Leading brands like Molson Canadian, Labute Blue and Budweiser have never actively sought out the loyalties of women. What's more, they've made them the butt of raucous jokes (Old Milwaukee's "Bendable Billionaire" and Miller Lite's hot girl-on-girl mud wrestling) for decades. Just last month, Labute USA came under fire in California and New Mexico for posting a billboard advertising Tecate, a Mexican brand, with a distribution, which paired a glowing beer bottle with the tag line, "Finally, a real Latin." Women protested up and down the aisles until the signs came down.

The North American landscape is overwhelmingly male for the simple economic reason that women sip beer and guys "pound." In Canada, men consume 50 per cent of the total volume, which translates into profits of \$9.6 billion per year. Besides, women don't need to be brand loyal when it comes to beer, according to journalist Stephen Branson, owner of the beer blog in Toronto. They're more likely to sample an import or a craft beer, because, that said, with a standard good old boys' brew and the luggage that comes with it.

But while contemporary beer culture is palatable in marketing terms, it's worth investigating how something as masculine as a beverage becomes so heavily gendered in the first place. After all, there's nothing inherently masculine about hops and barley.

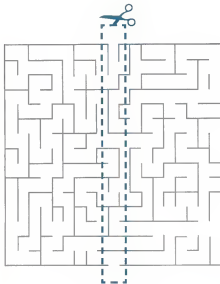


Why is it that beer—as opposed to, say, wine or soda for that matter—has come to represent liquid masculinity in Canada and abroad?

Surprisingly, this hasn't always been the case. American cultural anthropologist Alan D. Evans, dubbed the "Indiana Jones of Beer," has made it his life's work to reveal the true history of beer as—brace yourself!—an ancient symbol of the feminine. From its very inception some 3,000 years ago, says Evans, every ancient society's beer creation myth told the same story: the drink was a

gift from a female deity to the women of that community. In Egypt, Hathor was the "goddess of drunkenness and the invention of beer." In Sumer, the goddess Inanna was said to have brewed the first beer. "It was believed that men could not be treated with it," says Evans.

For centuries leading up to the Industrial Revolution, beer was a critical dietary staple in North America and elsewhere—a non-perishable liquid bread—and the daily brewing of it was exclusively women's work.



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## Marketing | >

In virtually all agricultural societies, women were the brewers (the feminine form of "brewer"). They made the beer, refined it, served it and, yes, drank it. In fact, our modern word "bride" comes from the Germanic root "briw," meaning "to brew." During childhood, women consume alcohol, extra-strong "growing beer" to help them cope with the pain.

Ironically, it was women who first used sensuality to sell beer. "Even masculine names," says Eames, "women realized the way to make beer of money was to have good looking women in front selling beer." The oldest beer ad in the world—which dates back to the ancient Mesopotamian city of Uruk in roughly 4000 BCE—was a large stone tablet depicting a female woman with enormous, jutting breasts, holding goblets of beer in each hand. The tag line, of course, has nothing to do with the image: "Drink this, the beer with the breasts of a Lion."

Likewise, it was women who inverted male tavern culture. During the Industrial Revolution, as families migrated to the cities and the production of beer was mechanized, beer drinking gradually moved out of the home and into urban saloons. Fearing that drinking in taverns would lead to prostitution, says Eames, the wives of regular patrons pressured saloon keepers to bar women from the premises. That men-only bars were born. In the 1920s, when men got drunk, talked sports, argued politics and ribbed each other right up until the 1930s, when feminism had those establishments declared unnecessary. Women, by this time completely alienated from the creation and consumption of the ancient drink, had learned to drink cocktails and wine instead.

So it was difficult to see why women don't have the emotional attachment to beer that men do. "In the past, only 'hard chicks' were beer drinking women," says Eames. "You can't present a liquid as the ultimate guy drink and the badge of masculinity for over a century and then suddenly say, 'Oh, but it's OK for women to drink this, too.'" But beer companies have been asking themselves for years whether it's possible there's a huge, untapped market of beer drinkers among women and, if so, how you imagine this market into the culture without alienating your core consumer, the twentysomething male. "Everybody would like to tap into that female market because it's still seen as a major source of

potential growth," says Michael Palmer, a Toronto-based beer analyst with Veritas Investment Research Corp. "But no one's figured out a way to do it effectively yet."

One of the big risks of marketing to women is the possibility of turning a guy who brews into a "chick beer," one no self-respecting Canadian guy would drink. [This began to happen as Coors Light a few years back when the company tried woman-friendly commercials, says Palmer. "It just never went anywhere. Then they went back to courting men with their TBA ads, which have worked really well over the last few years."]

Some brands, including many imports and micro-brews, which are extremely popular among women, have attempted to keep their advertising gender neutral—focusing on the product rather than the consumer. Others are experimenting, though temporarily, with incorporating women as so-

**BEER** is an ancient symbol of the feminine, and up to the Industrial Revolution, women were the ones who brewed it.

cial players on their light and low-carb beer ads in particular. "What we're attempting to show over time," says Len Hinz, marketing director for Molson, "is men and women interacting as friends and equals—just a bunch of people out there having a good time."

But don't expect to see an ad featuring a bunch of women sitting on a deck, listening to Sarah McLachlan and giggling. Red any more soon? "It wouldn't make sense," says Teresa Quicchi, president and CEO of Lakeport Brewing Co. (and the country's only top female beer executive), whose brand is among the five top domestic sellers in Ontario. "You have to ask, where are you best using marketing dollars? We're catering to the guy who likes to pour them back and, like it or not, he likes to see the babes and bikinis. That's the reality of the business we're in." Which pretty much means the only way for beer to become an equal opportunity beverage—like coffee, gin and most other drinks under the sun—is men are going to have to learn to stop. Or women are going to have to start chugging. **B**

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## WHY GAS WILL STAY PRICEY

It's simple: this time, there's no extra supply to save the booming demand

**IT'S NOT JUST OIL.** Energy prices are soaring worldwide. Coal is now a glamour commodity, with spot prices reaching levels that nobody predicted. North American natural gas prices are staying high, despite a cool, wet spring. Even uranium prices are strong, although getting approval to build a nuclear plant in North America and most of Europe is about as easy as getting the New York Times to call for George W. Bush's re-election.

Faithful readers know it's been nearly a year since oil prices were driven by OPEC's cut and dose machinations. With the previously ignored billions of people in China and

India displaying a collective thirst for oil reminiscent of North America during the 1960s, Wall Street's three-year-long predictions of an oil price plateau have proved its 1990s predictions of endless price increases for both stocks in the chamber of analyst horror stories.

Recent Saudi attempts to rein in oil prices with announcements of creating large production loans have been greeted with brief head gas in the industrial world. There, a few skeptics have noted that (1) the recent that the only readily available excess capacity in the energy world would be brought on stream, along little more than meeting current demand, and (2) the new crude oil crated demand—it's high sulphur that few co-asting refineries want. Unless somebody

somewhere can, magically, open a million barrels a day gasoline and heating oil refinery to use this stuff, it will only be useful for bonfires of the barrel products, not gasoline.

Those Demo calls to Bush to open up the U.S. Strategic Petroleum Reserve have served their purpose—to push the President even lower in the polls. Bush's discomfort with exp communications about the vital importance of keeping that reserve intact in case of a full-blown energy crisis were effectively dismissed by candidate John Kerry to prove that the President is in the position of Big Oil. But if Bush directed the move to drive U.S. gas pump prices back below US\$2 a gallon, then put one successful al-Qaeda attack on the gas production facilities of Saudi Arabia or the Dubai-based produce a global recession. Bush knows that. Kerry

does, too, but he's too smart to say so.

Those "experts" on Wall Street who kept predicting US\$16-a barrel oil now insist that today's US\$35 to US\$40 oil may not be such a bad thing for the economy. They cite past oil price shocks where oil kept beyond US\$40-a barrel and note that, adjusted for inflation, oil is much cheaper now. That is a half-truth. Those previous oil shocks were short-lived, the result of sudden Middle East crises. There was always more of capacity than needed, so once the crises ended, oil prices collapsed.

Therefore, without facing a global recession that would slash consumer demand worldwide, the world faces a prolonged period in which demand exceeds actual (as opposed to theoretical) supply. Nearly all

the bad news on energy is part of a big, scary new materials in general are no longer in oversupply. Now, consumers are being faced with painful price increases for stuff they took for granted for decades from everything oil-related, from food to clothing. The Goldman Sachs Commodity Index of 24 commodities is at all time high, more than double its low '90s low.

Yes, eventually, the price system takes over. Consumer backlash, high-cost new production comes on stream, substitutes are found, and the world goes on. But when heating, eating, cooling, lighting and driving become so critically much more costly, the process of adjustment is painful. Already, economies are slowing back their forecasts for economic growth this year and next in the industrial world.

For investors, this back to basics economy offers both disappointments and rewards. Commodity producing stocks look increasingly cheap on a price earnings basis, compared with others of commodity-consuming and service companies. An oil-rich recently grumbled primarily that the stock market's failure to bid up the prices of producing companies was leading managements to scale back exploration and development plans. Why take risks to find and develop resources when the market won't pay you for them, even if you are successful?

The royalty trust are, of course, getting cash, and are delighted to take up offerings of properties from the frustrated by companies.

Eventually, the market will assign reasonable values to those companies that are an essential part of the solution to the world's energy problems. Meanwhile, expect those companies to be denounced by politicians and the elites. Loving the oil-rich takes form, but it brings rewards.

Ronald Cose is chairman of North American Investment in Chicago and of Toronto-based Ross-Ronald Investments. Email: ronald@rossronald.com



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**MACLEAN'S**

# HONOUR ROLL '04

10 Canadians who made a difference

## THEY HAVE ALL MADE A DIFFERENCE.

And, for the most part, the 10 people on the 2004 Maclean's Honour Roll have done so quietly, not seeking the glare of publicity many of them normally attract. None more so than **Hilary Weston**, the former Ontario lieutenant-governor, who had to be persuaded that her inclusion on this year's list would not detract from her overall objective: raising funds for the Royal Ontario Museum, one of Canada's leading institutions.

**Styliny** has had to be convinced that being in the spotlight for this annual Honour Roll would not minimize the work of others who share his goal of inspiring educational opportunity, particularly at the community college level.

**Historian Margaret MacMillan** has made a difference in how we view the past and, more importantly, how we view the present as a result. In **Barth Taylor's** respect, it's more immediate—he has given sight to those other-

wise deemed for lack of resources to a life of blindness. **Mary Jo DeCola**, **Susanman John Stanton** and **Walter Trevor Linden** have also had a profound impact on people's health. DeCola inspires edge efforts to raise money for breast cancer research, while Stanton has inspired thousands to get off their couches and onto the running path. Linden works quietly away from the spotlight to bring moments of joy to kids with cancer.

**Iskand Maraj**, a writer with plenty of attitude, is a beacon for Muslim women who feel oppressed. Her courage, at great personal risk, has made a difference. So has **Quinn**-winning director **Dwight Arzouf**, changing the way we view ourselves, and the Indians. **Luna Award**-winning band **Drake-Spice** **Seems**, affecting the way we regard pop-rock musicians.

**Kathy Haywood** has made Canada a better place.

MICHAEL BENEDET



"I wake up every day thanking God that I wound up in a part of the world where as a Muslim woman, I can dream big dreams"



## Irshad Manji

**IRSHAD MANJI** really needs a hearted. She's resorted to covering her map with a beachball cap that says "Openminded." Well, if the hat fits.

This 35-year-old Muslim is trying to shake up one of the world's largest and strictest religions with her controversial best-seller, *The Trouble with Islam: A While up Gull for Homosexuality and Change in Islam*, and she's the "self-appointed ambassador of Islam" and sets out a roadmap for reform. But today she's just a woman with a salon appointment. Her hairdresser gives her a "prize crop," but after she's out and blow-dried, she insists on doing her own styling, with her own staff. "I never forget to bring my cleavage goggles with me," she says. "This is a refuge. I can't buy into \$20 hair products."

For Manji, whose family fled Uganda for Richmond, B.C., in the early 1970s, being a refugee colours everything. It's why she always takes home leftovers and why she feels compelled to make the most of her freedoms—like writing a book that brings her as much condemnation and criticism as praise and good derby. "Sorry as this may sound," she says, "I wake up every day thanking God that I wound up in a part of the

world where as a Muslim woman I can dream big dreams, too much, if not most of my goals still will be engaged—and I don't just mean for marriage."

Actually, same-sex marriage isn't one of the freedoms that Manji, a lesbian in a long-term relationship, likes an exercise. "Then our parents would have to buy into a level of prohibition of being gay," she says lightly but firmly, "not just tolerance." She acknowledges that her outspokenness has caused other mother grief—and that the death threats she's received are a parent's worst nightmare.

Upon police urging, Manji installed bulletproof windows at home, doesn't use a cell phone and sometimes travels with a bodyguard. But she insists to let her security be an add-on with her message. Remember, Muslims have told her they won't speak out for fear of violent persecution—granting Manji the same of her recent book tour without a bodyguard. "If I am going to have credibility in saying that it is possible to dissent and live," she says, "then I can't have a bodyguard shadowing me who never lets me go. I'm going to lead by example."



## Denys Arcand

**DENYS ARCAN** doesn't owe a computer. He bought an iMac five years ago and it sat on his desk, gathering dust, until he finally got rid of it. "I'm so old-fashioned," he says, "I write with a fountain pen." Although his films are based on exhaustive research, the Oscar-winning director admits he's never used Google. "Do you know the Westwood library?" he asks, even if it's breakfast of coffee and croissants. "It's this lovely old stone building. It has some research, it's much easier to get into my car, park it on a leafy street, then lose myself in books for an hour or two."

It's ironic that, at 65, the onetime comical, a son of Quebec's Quiet Revolution, should feel so comfy in the almost-forgotten land of his birth's anglophone province. But Arcand performs so tranquilly to the hour of the city's broody francophone areas where he can happily walk down the street without someone asking about his next project or jolting him a script. The son of a minor poet and a charitable convent girl, Arcand is Quebec's most celebrated filmmaker, and one of world cinema's singular talents. His movies, upon rare film-gift threats of satire and tragedy, play like easygoing

to life, animated by characters who are peacefully, and comically, aware of the human condition. Intellectual talk sex in *The Decline of the American Empire*, an actor playing Christ is consumed by the Passion in *Jesus of Montreal* and his dying father takes control of his own exit in *The Barbarian Invasions*—the elegiac masterpieces for which Arcand brought home Canada's first Oscar for best foreign film in February.

Arcand's laugh-off the honour. "It means something to people who don't know anything about film," he says. "It's not, but the only thing that will validate a work of art is time, and by the time it's validated you're dead." He's now writing a new script. All he'll say is that it involves a Quebec over-sewer, a girl obsessed with re-enacting medieval times, and an opening scene in a town where everyone is wearing surgical masks and talking on cell phones. "After *Decline* and *Barbarian Invasions*," he adds, "what comes next?" *The Middle Ages*. Arcand laughs. It's the worst, summing up laugh at a post-apocalyptic, an artist who can't escape his own sense of history and whose reply for life is watched only by an appreciation of its absurdity.

"The only thing that will validate a work of art is time, and by the time it's validated you're dead"

BY SHANDE DEZEL  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
REGINA GARCIA

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
MARCENIE STROH

'I have an abhorrence of institutionalized inequity. Colleges are activist. They're hard-wired to deliver.'



Ray Ivany

**BUCKLE UP** inside Ray living as he zooms out of Hialeah, and you're in for a heck of a ride. Hurling down Highway 150, you're immediately struck by three things. This guy has a big brain, a huge social conscience and a tremendous appetite for speed. Within minutes, the tough president of Nova South Community College-labeled Robert Reich, called John Deere, Deane and Salsac's—also confessed his love for racing motorcycles. A Suzuki 750, to be exact. "Cheap-thinkin'," he calls it. Only a dog car makes him frown. "Dogget" he says. Enthusiasts made one. "Bad I just got a ticket."

As it turns out, so—and he's off again, rocking around the oval curve. Steering with confidence, this is the hairy trademark in the six-pipe, four-chamber, characteristic Cape Boston native took the wheel at NSC. He has espoused a major transformation of the 13 campus colleges, reshaping a diverse network of vocational schools and technical institutes into one dynamic entity. Under Ivary's leadership, NSC has boosted opportunities in everything from applied research to adult learning, imported technology for the oil and gas industry and launched businesses across Nova Scotia.

Scott. But what has sealed Inary's status as a local hero is the Portfolia program, an innovative way of showcasing the skills and aspirations of every student. "Public secondary education is an escalator that takes you to a better life," says Inary, 48. "But for many, there's a snag at the bottom between them and the first step. We help them get on the escalator."

Last year, the promise rewarded his work with its largest-ever capital investment: \$123 million to update and expand WSC. This summer, construction will begin on a new \$77-million home in Darlington, overlooking the Hudson Harbor. "A beacon," says Ivey. Based in Sydney—his father worked at the steel mill, his mother at the Brierley Quarry—Ivey earned two college diplomas before pursuing university and graduate studies, followed by a research fellowship at the Harvard School of Public Health. "I'll go to my grave with great reverence for the academy," says Ivey. But Ivey has an abhorrence of institutionalized inequities. Colleges are elitist. They're hard-wired to deliver: they know how to treat people where they live. "And, with Ivey at the wheel, Ives change—a steep slope



## URBAN ADVENTURE #73



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"I've wanted to make a difference outside of what I do on the ice. It's good for your soul."



## Trevor Linden

**THERE'S OPEN ADMIRATION** in veteran Vancouver Canucks forward Trevor Linden's voice as he talks about the spirit and courage of his friend, Dylan. "He's had a rough go," he says. "He's had cancer, started in an eye and spread." Dylan, from Prince George, B.C., was in Vancouver for yet another operation, so Linden took him to lunch and the driving range, the way friends do. "He doesn't see real well, but he hit range balls tactically," Linden says. "It was just great."

Dylan is 12. He floated back to Vancouver's Royal McDonald House, a home away from home for families and children with cancer, in high spirits, says Paul Blankin, house executive director. "Trevor is a very special person to the kids here," she says. "He's just an exceptional man." Linden is a frequent visitor there as well as at B.C.'s Children's Hospital and Canuck Place, a hospice for terminally ill children. He plays video games, signs autographs and chats with the kids. His latest project is an annual golf tournament raising funds for B.C. summer camp for children with cancer. "I've wanted to make a difference outside of what I do on the ice," he says. "It's good for your soul. It makes

as big a difference to me as it does to the kids."

Linden, 35, joined the Canucks in 1993, an 18-year-old kid himself born Medicine Hat, Alta. His seven-foot-four-inch frame is folded into a coach of the Kootenai home he bought at 21. In 1993, the year he became captain. Today, he's also president of the NHL Players Association at a crucial time, with the looming prospect of an NHL work stoppage.

Linden and his wife, Cristofina, from neighbouring Burnaby, kept the home during trades to three other cities, before he rejoined the Canucks in 2001. For all his laid-back charm, the Lindens have no children. Perhaps when his out-of-a-suitcase career ends, he says with a grin, "I'll become a stay-at-home dad."

Despite the Canucks' playoff loss to Calgary, Linden says the past three seasons in Vancouver have been his most enjoyable. He's come home, he says, with a new maturity and a healthy respect to the game and the world beyond. That he knows was summed up last year, when he received the Order of British Columbia. "Trevor Linden is, in an unassuming way, 'hockey player and humanitarian.'"



## Margaret MacMillan

**THE FAMILY CONNECTION** didn't exactly hurt, says Margaret MacMillan, when it came to writing *Paris 1919: Six Months that Changed the World*, her acclaimed history of the peace negotiations that followed the Great War. But it didn't help much either, says the *Osaka College* professor at the University of Toronto—and the great-granddaughter of British Prime Minister David Lloyd George. "My grandfather Owen would tell me things like, 'I met Lawrence of Arabia.' I'd ask, 'What was he like?' and she'd say, 'He had a funny handshake.'" Still, Owen did supply one wonderful anecdote: During a conversation about art while driving with French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau—who, with her father and U.S. President Woodrow Wilson, formed the triumvirate that inked the peace—he showed her a set of satirical postcards.

Such personal glimpses into the lives of the powerful, along with the tight *Paris 1919* focus on the roots of contemporary crises in the Balkans and Iraq, have made MacMillan's book resonate across the English-speaking world. "I think of history as a big roundtable house where important people meet occasionally,"

she says. "The rest of us," adds the historian, "are represented in the details," which MacMillan, 58, covers in a decidedly Canadian way, not just in content but in the over-the-top verve of her prose. "When you're a Canadian," she says, "you're looking at great events from a distance."

And how did this descendant of a British PM become a Canadian? By the same sort of chance accident she chronicles as well in her book. "My mother came to Canada on a touring girl's cricket team in 1939. She was 17 and my grandfather wouldn't let her go back, so instead of Cambridge she went to U of T." Three years later she married a fellow medical student, a Canadian, and put down roots here.

Of all the *Paris 1919* awards, the first—the prestigious Buff Cooper Prize for history or biography—and the last (most to MacMillan, "I was absolutely delighted with the Governor General's Award," she says) "were a funny, awkward prize country. But there I was, in Rideau Hall, thinking Stephen Leacock won this prize? I was so proud."

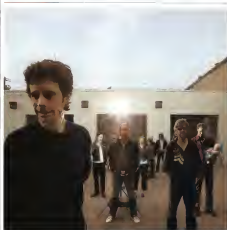
"There I was, in Rideau Hall, thinking 'Stephen Leacock won this prize?' I was so proud."

BY KIM MACQUEEN  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
MARK DUBET

BY BRIAN BETHUNE  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
K.C. ARMSTRONG

## Honour Roll 2004

"These guys put partners, babies, even the people that do their dry cleaning before the music"



## Broken Social Scene

THESE ARE ALREADY up to 13 musicians in Broken Social Scene. But there's room for one more. "I brought my wife a trumpet," says co-founder Kevin Drew, "because I need to get her out on the road." When Drew's wife, Katee Goldsmith, shows up at Toronto's Drake Hotel—where the group is prepping for two sold-out charity shows—Charles Spearin (trumpet/guitar/bass) takes her into a corner for a quick lesson. And when she joins them onstage that night for a song, the whole band's beaming.

The Toronto collective combines Drew's and Brendan Canning's musically inclined friends, all in their mid-20s to mid-30s—and past the hard-living, self-involved phase of rock 'n' roll. Their priorities are family, motherhood and community. The proceeds from these charity shows will benefit a friend of Drew's family, who needs a brain tumour operation in the U.S. "These guys put partners, babies, even the people that do their dry cleaning before the music," jokes manager Jeffrey Janakovic.

Usually such sincerity doesn't play well in the cynical indie music world, but when Broken Social Scene

released its June Award-winning CD, *You Forgot It in People* (2003), critics responded effusively to the unironic, atmospheric pop/rock—and audiences followed. Two years later, the CD's winning over *Europe*.

Meanwhile, all the members are family in the same city, let alone on stage, at the same time. There's a burning core of six, while others, including three female singers, Leslie Feist, Emily Haines and Amy Millen, move in and out when convenient. Regardless, a Broken Social Scene show is always a celebration, with guitars, keyboards, brass, powerful vocalists and people on stage just clapping and dancing. The energy radiates. "It's an inclusive band," says Millen, "there's not a wall there between us and the audience."

In April last month, the group befriended some teenagers after a gig. "That one 16-year-old named Paul was really sweet," says Millen. "He said, 'I really wish I could come to your show tomorrow' and Kevin was like, 'Why don't you come? Just get on the bus with us.' He drove with us to Vienna, stayed for the show and made his way home." There were already 30 people on the bus, but there was room for one more.

## Destination Elliot Lake...



SCENE PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEAN DRYDEN

Located half way between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie,

Elliot Lake nestles among the ancient hills of the pre-Cambrian shield. Surrounded by more than 4,000 pristine lakes and rivers, majestic old growth forests and dramatic rock escarpments, it has long been a popular spot for outdoor enthusiasts seeking adventure. It is now a community of 12,000 with one of the most modern fully serviced infrastructures of any community its size in Canada. Best of all, Elliot Lake remains affordable, despite being one of the hottest real estate markets in the country.

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ELLIOT LAKE  
PROPERTY TO AG

BY SHANDA GIZEL  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
CHAS WOODS

## Canada's Most Popular Retirement Haven

For retirees, Elliot Lake's small-town charm and big-city amenities are part of what attracts them. Others come for the unparalleled natural environment surrounding Elliot Lake and the abundance of lakes and rivers. But in the retirement community, everyone can appreciate the presence of a first-class hospital and medical facilities and access to a continuum of care, along with an enviable doctor-to-patient ratio and low crime rate. Elliot Lake is also equipped with a fully serviced, modern transit system, state-of-the-art water treatment facility and 24-hour ambulance, fire and police services.

Elliot Lake's 350 businesses can also meet most shopping and service needs. Outlets of national chains are located in Elliot Lake, and a 180,000-sq-ft indoor shopping mall that houses more than 40 stores and services. For those who like to dine out, Elliot Lake offers options ranging from fast-food chains to casual dining or an elegant formal meal at a variety of independent restaurants in the city.

Perhaps because Elliot Lake and its surrounding wilderness are much-loved subjects for artists and photographers, the city has come to harbour a dynamic arts and cultural community. Numerous clubs offer places for people of all ages to partake in drama, dance, music, poetry and amateur theatre. The Elliot Lake Entertainment Series is the foremost presenter of performing arts and brings many famous entertainers to the local stage. An abundance of community groups and associations, learning and educational opportunities also contribute to a well-balanced retirement experience.

But there's still more to the attraction of Elliot Lake than the great outdoors, the social life and all of the amenities. The availability of affordable housing, through Elliot Lake Retirement Living, also plays a key role. The Elliot Lake Retirement Living program offers an assortment of living units in a variety of settings to suit any lifestyle or budget. Rental units include apartments, townhouses and houses in clean, safe, friendly neighbourhoods. Rates for one-bedroom apartments begin at \$364 a month while two-bedroom units start at \$417. Townhouses begin at \$469 a month and houses go for as little as \$432.

Elliot Lake Retirement Living prides itself on offering value for the dollar, with services such as lawn mowing included for house and townhouse residents, a free parking spot included with all apartment units and activity rooms in each of the apartment complexes. According to clients like these, have helped create the affordable, active lifestyles that in turn make Elliot Lake a popular choice with retirees from all over Canada.

## Apartment rents: Do the math

	One-Bedroom	Two-Bedroom
Elliot Lake	\$397	\$473
Sudbury	\$524	\$651
London	\$588	\$736
Peterborough	\$614	\$728
Kitchener	\$646	\$754
Ottawa	\$768	\$932
Mississauga	\$897	\$1,037

Source: Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation Rental Market Report, October 2005



## Canada's Newest Cottage Country

Building on the strengths that make it a popular retirement haven—first class medical facilities, extensive infrastructure, a thriving business community and easy access to a multitude of outdoor activities—Elliot Lake is now poised to become one of the most popular cottage country locations in Ontario.

Elliot Lake is developing only 400 lots on 10 of the many lakes that are within the city boundaries. All of the lots developed are "north-west", each offering shorelines—more 150 feet to over 750 feet. With lot sizes ranging from 1.25 acres to over 5 acres you will have plenty of room to play. Secluded in old growth forest or undeveloped prime lakes, the cottage environment is unrivalled, with all the same fine dining city services just 10 minutes from your dock.

**With prices for large waterfront lots on pristine lakes in Elliot Lake starting at just \$16,000, you don't have to be a millionaire to own your own piece of paradise.**

"The short supply of cottages and high demand has really been driving up prices," says Bill Helmer of Brokerage Brokers Ltd. All across Ontario, and in the Northern U.S. states the cost of cottages and waterfront real estate is at an all-time high and availability at an all-time low. According to REMAX of Canada in a June 2004 article, the Elliot Lake area represents one of the best values in Ontario cottage country.

The development process by which all of the lots will be brought to market has been predicated on state-of-the-art planning and environmental protection dedicated to preserving and enhancing the health of each lake and their respective eco-systems for generations to come.

## An Abundance of Outdoor Adventures to Pursue

Tenure has made the Elliot Lake area for years to pursue their passion for outdoor adventure. For those who enjoy summer activities, Elliot Lake offers a great deal of variety. With more than 4,000 surrounding lakes, the opportunities for fishing and boating are endless. Teeming with fresh water trout and more than eight other fish species, the area offers an ideal place to land a tasty catch. There are also numerous canoe routes ideal for adventures of one day, four days or more. And for those interested in big-water boating, Elliot Lake is situated just twenty minutes from the north shore of Lake Huron, considered one of the best cruising grounds for sailing and boating in the world.

Back on land, the Elliot Lake area offers incredibly scenic lookouts and vistas for hiking, with a wide variety of trails within the City limits and more outside the city. Along the way, bird watching is a popular pastime for residents and visitors. The area is a nesting ground for a variety of species, and also features many staging areas during the migratory season. The most commonly sighted species include the warbler, shrike, vesper sparrow, junco, blue jay, robin, cardinal, to name a few.

Golfers around Elliot Lake have an additional reason to smile. In the summer of 2005, one of the best 18-hole golf courses in





Northern Ontario will open in the city. Designed by renowned course architect Ted Bates, whose designs include the two Limerick courses and the Royal Niagara, this magnificent 7,000-yard course is currently under construction by the top golf course builders in Canada, Evans Golf. With its many elevations, vistas of Irian Lake and views of rock escarpments, the new course is sure to attract golfers from all over Ontario.

For another kind of driver, however, Elliot Lake has more than 300 kilometres of looped ATV trails. As the first in a series of planned ATV sites in Ontario, the mapped and signed trail system lets ATV enthusiasts feel as if they're deep in the wilderness while never travelling farther than 30 kilometres from the city. The adventure winds through picturesque landscapes, majestic boreal forest, impenetrable terrain and past numerous scenic lookouts along lakes, marshes, brooks and rivers, all under a forested canopy.

For winter outdoor enthusiasts, Elliot Lake does not disappoint. A challenging downhill ski hill within the city limits, for instance, attracts skiers and snowboarders with a variety of runs – a quad chair lift and – when necessary – snowmaking capability. Cross-country skiing on a variety of groomed-track trails in and around the community is also a favorite Elliot Lake pastime.

The area also features some of the best snowmobile trails in the province. Centrally located and connected to all of the provincial TDPS trail systems, it boasts over 500 kilometres of locally groomed trails that snowmobiling enthusiasts have long held in high esteem.

The list of winter activities continues. With a multitude of lakes in the area, ice fishing is popular with residents and visitors alike. Snowshoeing, curling, hockey and figure skating also attract vibrant interest and participation.

For more information on outdoor activities in Elliot Lake, visit  
[www.adventureelliotlake.com](http://www.adventureelliotlake.com)

Elliot Lake is truly a community where the quality of life is unparalleled, whether the goal is retirement: owning your own piece of cottage paradise or finding adventure. Whether ones priorities are the quality of health care and housing options or the variety of recreation and community activities that abound in Elliot Lake, it's easy to understand why it is a popular spot for those seeking retirement, affordable waterfront property or a holiday retreat.

## Find out more

For more information on retirement in Elliot Lake, contact Elliot Lake Retirement Living at 1-800-461-4563 or visit [www.retrelliotlake.com](http://www.retrelliotlake.com). Take advantage of Elliot Lake Retirement Living's two-day Discovery Tour which includes two nights' accommodation and a tour of the community and rental properties for only \$40.

For more information on waterfront properties in Elliot Lake, contact Lakeshore Properties at 1-800-475-7897 or visit [www.elliotlakewaterfront.com](http://www.elliotlakewaterfront.com)



## Honour Roll 2004



## Garth Taylor

"TELL ME AND I will forget, show me and I may remember, involve me and I will understand." These are the words of a man who has spent his life helping others. Dr. Garth Taylor, an eye doctor, is a man who has spent his life helping others. Dr. Taylor, who is a man who has spent his life helping others, is a man who has spent his life helping others. Dr. Taylor, who is a man who has spent his life helping others, is a man who has spent his life helping others.

There's one more reason even blindness about him. "He's a man who has spent his life helping others," says Dr. Taylor, who is a man who has spent his life helping others. Dr. Taylor, who is a man who has spent his life helping others, is a man who has spent his life helping others. Dr. Taylor, who is a man who has spent his life helping others, is a man who has spent his life helping others.

Ordinary, respect as a university professor and standing as a hospital department head are accomplishments enough, but Taylor has distinguished himself as well with Orbis International, an aid agency dedicated to saving sight among the poor. The blind number 45 million, says Orbis, and 135 million people

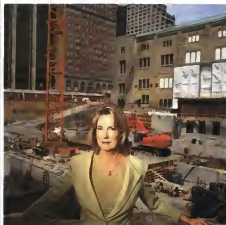
are at risk of losing their sight, yet 80 per cent of these people could have been, or can be, treated with simple, low cost medical techniques. Orbis provides these services with a converted DC-10 billed as the "world's only airborne eye hospital and training facility." Last December, it honoured Taylor for his 1998 Orbis tour. He is now up to 104 missions, and since 1982 has performed more than 1,800 surgeries in some 40 countries.

Once, in mid-'80s South Africa, a white man balled at being Taylor operated on his son because of Taylor's skin colour. The man eventually gave in to his pleading son, and the boy's sight was restored. "I welcome the unfettered, the misguided," says Taylor. "It gives me the opportunity to set them straight." Over lunch, a visitor and the Jamaican-born physician, who came to Canada on a scholarship when he was 20 and returned for good at 25, peruse photographs covered in Chinese astrophysical labels. Taylor, who is married with two grown children, was born in the Year of the Monkey. "You are clever and playful to the point of genius, practical and given to detail," the visitor reads about the description is being so.

"Tell me and I will forget, show me and I may remember, involve me and I will understand"

BY DANYLO KAWALESHKA  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
PETER BRIGGS

"Where do you get the courage? Life gives it to you, I suppose."



## Hilary Weston

**HEADING TO A PHOTO SHOOT** but chopline green-dot and high heels, Hilary Weston walks through a debris-strewn Toronto construction site to a platform overlooking the vast pit from which the Royal Ontario Museum's (ROM) new wing is set to rise. When finished, it will be the most visible component of the museum's massive overhaul, and Weston chairs the committee raising \$208 million for the entire renovation. Aside from stiff competition from other worthy charities, the trick is getting donors to write cheques when all there is to see is a big, muddy hole. "We're looking for people with imagination," she says with a smile.

Working to refurbish the historically renowned museum is just the latest volunteer effort by the one-time model who moved to Canada in 1978. While serving as Ontario's lieutenant governor from 1997 to 2002, Weston donated her salary to provide job training and internships for teens needing work. And before that, during the period she worked as an executive with Matt Reuther, she gave time and money to dozens of other charities.

That's expected of a woman in her position. In 2004,

she married Glen Weston, now the billionaire head of Holtz and the Toronto-based food conglomerate that bears his family's name. Together, they have given \$10 million to the museum project. And the family's charitable foundation matched that donation.

Her volunteer spirit stems from her upbringing and education by the socially committed Landis Abbey runs in Ireland. Although Weston acknowledges she isn't allowed to donate, Weston visited hundreds of shelters for battered women and the homeless while in office and relayed what she learned to people in and out of government who might be able to help. "Part of my ambition was to change the perception of the office," she says, "and to help with the impression that it was somebody living in a ivory tower."

Now, as she nears her museum fund-raising goal, Weston, 52, is looking to resume private life. She still remembers the nerves she felt before her first public speech and it didn't get a lot better over time. "Before you get the courage," she says, "life gives it to you, I suppose." Talk, in fact, gave her quite a bit. But it gets a lot back, too.

BY JAMES DEACON  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
ANDRE SOROUKIAN



## John Stanton

**JOHN STANTON** is spreading the word: "You need to think of exercise as a celebration of good health," the president of the Running Room retail chain tells a group of 46 novice runners at one of his stores in St. Albert, 10 km north of Edmonton. "And it all begins with getting your butt out the door." With that, Stanton, a veteran of 16 marathons, joins the group for a two-kilometre run. At the end, Stanton, 56, greets them all with a high-five. "I just love this," he says. "It reminds me of where I started."

Twenty-one years ago, Stanton was a self-described couch potato who pulled more than two packs a day and carried 230 pounds on a five-foot-nine frame. The turning point came when Stanton's son, Aaron, then 11, convinced him to take part in a 2.5-km fun run. Barely able to finish, Stanton vowed to get into shape. The next morning, under cover of darkness, he went for a run, something he has done almost every day since. Within six months, Stanton lost 40 pounds. He also stopped smoking. "People saw the physical changes, but I was happier and handling stress better," he recalls. "They began to ask, 'How did you do this?'"

That, together with his own frustration over being unable to get decent retail advice about running gear, gave the Edmonton native a bright idea. Why not open a shop specializing in running equipment where people could also sign up for group runs? What began as a part-time venture operating out of a single room has since expanded to 62 outlets across Canada.

Along the way, more than 500,000 people have signed up for the 13- to 16-week running clinics, aimed at everyone from first-timers to marathoners. Stanton, the author of two running books, acknowledges the clinics attract customers. But his primary reason, he says, is to promote fitness and contribute to the community. To that end, Stanton sponsors or organizes more than 400 walks and runs each year that raise millions of dollars for charity.

As both a runner and a businessman, Stanton is one driven guy. He figures he works about 360 days a year—300 of them on the road, visiting stores, giving talks and running with customers. "True success is never knowing if you are working or playing," he says. "I feel pretty successful."

"People saw the physical changes, that I was happier and handling stress better. They began to ask, 'How did you do this?'"

BY BRIAN BERGMAN  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
SANDY NICHOLSON



"I'm not sure my mom would have attended the bra and panty party, but she'd certainly wear one of the T-shirts."



## Mary-Jo DeCoteau

IT'S AN HOUR INTO LUNCH at her favourite café when Mary-Jo DeCoteau realizes she's been so busy talking about her charitable organization that she hasn't even taken a second bite of her now-cold roast beef and line bouquette. "This always happens to me," says DeCoteau, 34, the executive director of *ReThink Breast Cancer*. "I just get so worked up when talking about the cause."

Inspired by her mother, Anne—who lost her battle with breast cancer 12 years ago at 51—and the desire to educate young women who too often feel ashamed to seek out Canada's leading killers, DeCoteau founded *ReThink* in 2000. It has evolved from a one-woman, living-room table-based project, to a stylish initiative headquartered in Toronto that collected more than 15 million last year and has fundraising volunteers in Vancouver, Calgary and Ottawa. "I'd see interesting AIDS fundraisers aimed at young people and wonder why there couldn't be the same thing for breast cancer," says DeCoteau, who has a background in public relations. "There was a need for something edgier."

DeCoteau works with large corporate sponsors who are impressed with her creative approach of making

the battle against breast cancer relevant for her generation. She and her small team of mostly volunteers regularly host cocktail parties at swish nightclubs to raise money. One of the most popular has been the "bra and panty" party—a lingerie fashion show sponsored by the Gap. DeCoteau is also responsible for bringing the fashion targets to breast cancer campaigns in Canada. This year the campaign's highly recognizable Pink Ribbon (blue target on a white shirt) are on sale nationally at Roots. "I'm not sure my mom would have attended the bra and panty party," laughs DeCoteau. "But she'd certainly wear one of the T-shirts."

A large part of *ReThink*'s mandate is research. In fact, most of the money raised helps to fund grants for young scientists specializing in breast cancer work. DeCoteau says the birth last fall of all her first child has made her even more determined to help find a cure. "I was 18 when my mom was first diagnosed and I realize my daughter could be 18 in a blink," says DeCoteau of her eight-month-old, who she named after her late mother. "Anne has made it that much more intense. It's now more driven than ever."



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BY JOHN INTINI  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
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In his courageous battle with cancer, Terry Fox brought out the best in us, says **DOUGLAS COUPLAND**

**IN MY WRITINGS ON CANADA,** I've generally avoided referring to statistics and personalities as much as possible. The thing about Canada is that the more you learn about it, the more you realize you know nothing about it. We're a country full of things that I can think of as Terry Fox. There's not a soul in the land who could feel anything but pride and goodwill toward the man's memory. How could they not? Terry loved his family and his country, and he knew that as a people we have huge untapped reserves of kindness and strength. He knew that what keeps us apart—our country's vast distances—is also what binds us so closely together. It's a rare Canadian who doesn't have firmly etched in his or her mind the memory of the man who ran across the country.

A Canadian who hasn't spent time trying to imagine what crossing that distance feels like.

Terry Fox was born in Winnipeg on July 28, 1958. He and his family were living in B.C. in 1977, when he was diagnosed with bone cancer in the leg. At the age of 18—his right leg had to be removed six inches above the knee. After this experience, Terry decided to do what he could to help find a cure for cancer. He decided to run across Canada, raising the equivalent of one million dollars a day, to raise money for and awareness of cancer research.

Terry began on April 12, 1980, in St. John's, Texas. There, he dipped his prosthetic leg into the Atlantic Ocean, hoping that, at the marathon's end, he would dip it into the Pacific in Vancouver. Terry then ran

Tribute

# CANADA'S TRUE HERO



We ran the equivalent of a marathon 1 day, every day, 143 times before his illness finally forced him to quit. It doesn't define explanation.

an average of 42 km (26 miles) every day for 143 days. Being on a second—running a marathon every day for over four months? Yes. You read that correctly. Most people I know who run marathons train for months and then back off days afterwards to recuperate. But to run 143 in a row? I've done some research and have yet to find any human being who can even 100 in a row. Madestly, Terry's first defines explanation. The only answer is courage.

On Monday, Sept. 1, Terry ran his last stretch. His bone cancer had spread to his lungs, and he was forced to stop just east of Thunder Bay, Ont. He died in June 1981 at the age of 23. Canada's population at the time was 26.12 million people, and Terry's wish to raise one dollar for every citizen had by then been realized. Almost 25 years later, it's no longer possible to say that over \$1 billion will one day be raised for cancer research because of Terry. He is, by all measures, a hero.

Well, I have to pause for a second here. I mean—you really have to stop and wonder about what this guy did. And after doing so, at the very least, his story can only make any of us wonder about what's true and what's not—it makes us re-examine our lives. He certainly made me do that, and in the fall of 2002, after reading over the story of his life, I drove to the Terry Fox Library in Port Capricorn, B.C. There, inside a Plexiglas display case, the library keeps Terry Fox's prosthetic leg, his running shoe and his sock, all from his Marathon of Hope. With the permission of Terry's brother Darrell, I was allowed to take the prosthetic leg, still clad in an Adidas runner, and photograph it in an activity room against a white seamless paper backdrop. The purpose was to include a photo of Terry's artificial leg in my most recent book on Canada, *Sevens of Canada 2*, as a means of reminding readers in a visual way of what his run entailed.

The surroundings for the photo shoot were humble: folded-up tables, stacks of chairs and a goldfishbowl from Terry's artificial leg looked harsh and mechanical, an efficient combination of springs, gum and fiberglass. But with a prosthetic, you need to go beyond looks and focus on what works and what doesn't. The leg got Terry over two-thirds of the way across Canada.

The shoe on the leg was one of several pairs Terry wore during the Marathon of Hope. The shoe on his round leg took most of the wear, so although he changed the shoe on his natural leg approximately eight times, the shoe on his prosthetic foot did not require changing. The underside of the shoe on Terry's prosthetic leg is covered in what looks like soggy marshmallows, but it, in fact, decomposed to get some air got used to sound the bells of running shoes.

After photographing Terry's shoe, I photographed Terry's sock. He had a special

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# ICONS OF CANADA

"CANADA continues to feel more Canadian than ever," writes Douglas Coupland in his Souvenir of Canada 2, the follow-up to his 2002 photographic collection of Canadiana. As before, his choices are eclectic, from maple to plywood to the contents of his mother's kitchen cupboard. But one of his best finds is an Robertson screwdriver, used almost exclusively in Canada. "Once, in Manhattan, I was in a hotel lobby while a UPS guy was trying to open a crate sent from

Canada. He was having no success, so I looked at the screw heads. I said, 'Those are Robertson screws. You'll need a Robertson screwdriver.' 'No we won't,' said the package. It was sent to the back room, brought out a crowbar and said, 'We're in New York we call those crowbar screws.' He then jammed open the crate. Later, when work took me to gallery loading docks, I'd ask what they do with Robertson screws. They always pointed to the crowbar."

## Souvenir of Canada 2



Douglas Coupland



anywhere to the sock that he wore constantly on his porch from the day he left home on April 7, 1980, to begin his Marathon of Hope. Terry became so attached to it that he continued to wear it after about three months after he stopped running. As it turned out, it was the photo of Terry's sock, not the actual leg, that ended up having the most power. The sock's rips and stains bear witness to his ordeal better than words.

Anyhow, after contacting the Fox family and getting permission to use the sock photo in the book, I went on to other projects, only to have a close friend with cancer lose 50 lb. as well as most of his hair inside a month. When death loomed on the door,

we bloom. The thing about cancer is that when people close to you have it, there's almost nothing you can do. You can make their lives more comfortable or you can try to divert them for a short while, but basically, they're now on the other side of the mirror, and you see it. It's one of life's most help-less feelings.

With this experience fresh in my mind, I tried to think a bit farther about how to use the images of the sock, leg and shoe from the photo shoot to further Terry's goals. As it happened, his brother Darrell was thinking the same thing. And so here I am now, not a year later, in the midst of creating a book on Terry's life that will be published next April—the 25th anniversary

of the start of Terry's run. For the past few months, I've been in and out of Vancouver—mostly visits sailing through more than 100,000 archived items from the Marathon of Hope.

There are too many to even begin listing, but the two categories I found most were the staggering number of gas well candles—two to eight sticks of boxes filled with them—and the equally staggering number of letters and cheques sent in by schoolchildren. To read even a few of these notes postmarked 1989 and 1981 makes my chest ache up and my eyes water. I'd thought that after spending a few hours of sifting I'd become immune to the sentimental excess made there, but no, I never did

and I doubt I ever will. Their messages are too pure and too loud.

Letters from Victoria had become cancer and I worried that soon she'd be too weak to drive, and won't be able to go her daughter to her violin lessons on time.

Muri from Fredericton had an insurance claim in 1975 and wants to tell Terry, Vancouver makes, girl.

Tina from Delta was a member of her grade teacher being sick from chemotherapy and being unable to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Greg from Edmonton lost his older brother to leukemia and wants Terry to finish his run—Greg is willing to come along to help! And then there are letters from your mother, my mother—so many and so wise

to Terry, I wish, too, after what was written to his children. All of those mothers and fathers wished Terry safety and health and peace, and they thanked him for his courage and for making our country a better home.

Helen from Toronto had five children who all left home decades ago. Terry, I think of you as the son who never left.

But here's what floored me the most and what makes me write these words: signatures. In the 1980s, signatures by the tens of thousands (and tens of thousands of handwritten cards, on homemade cards, on bags full of paper sent in by entire schools, on pink floral cards like your grandmother sent—names and names and names of everyday Canadians, walls of them,

all of them yearning to count, to be used to mean something. I think I was on my feet and day after day in one of the strange visits when suddenly all of the boxes and all of the paper fell away, and all that remained behind were the confessions of names, hanging in the air like stars, like a universe. I don't think I've ever felt as safe as I did for that brief one-minute window on a Vancouver wedding, surrounded by the goodwill of so many Canadians. Collectively, those names truly are something divine—our nation, our home and our soul.

Douglas Coupland's photo book *Souvenir of Canada 2* is on its way to be a Canadian, will be on display at Toronto's Design Exchange throughout the summer, beginning July 1.





# HOME SWEET HOME

From snowy palms to Flames fever, prominent folks cite Canuck pleasures

**BROADCAST JOURNALIST MARK STAROWICZ**, creator of *Canada: A People's History*

"I like living in a St-Denis Street café in Montreal looking to Vietnamese and Hmong girls speaking in pure Quebec slang. I like passing a schoolyard in Toronto at noon during winter, and seeing Chinese and Somali elementary students bundled in overcoats and parkas.

"I travel a lot. Whenever I'm far away, I like flying home, because almost everyone in the waiting lounge and on the flight feels like they can tell your life story and expect to hear yours—simply because we're all Canadians coming home. I also like the reason you get most of the nose you travel when you identify yourself as Canadian. In the countries where we fought in the Second World War, the respect is palpable. In more distant places, you can often feel a hint of warmth, as if the name of the country stood for something decent. Half of the people you meet seem to have a relative in Canada, which is a satisfying feeling too."

**RETIRED SPEED SKATER CATRIONA LE MAY DOAN**, two-time Olympic gold medalist and new mother  
"After being away for awhile, what I love

about coming home to Canada, and Calgary in particular, is the sense of community. Calgary is a big city that sometimes feels like a small town. We love Canada—it's a small place, famous and delicious. They know us there and treat us like family. So we like to go with good friends and get ridiculously full. And I love our neighbourhood—Delwood. When I came home from the Salt Lake City Olympics in 2002, there was a sign on the fence of the schoolyard from the students at St. Dominic School that said, "Way to gold, Catriona!" The other week, there was always coffee in our door signed by all the kids in the school welcoming our baby, Greta. That really touched me."

**POET AND AUTHOR CHRISTOPHER DEWONEY**, author of the new *Acquainted*



*With the Night: Excursions Through the World after Dark*

"I was on tour in Vancouver, promoting the book, and staying in a hotel on English Bay. And there's a curving modern hotel tower with these palm trees on big planters. I had no idea. There are more than 50 of them, going for about two blocks along the beach. Then there's this little parkette with two groves of palms. One of them must be two stories tall. I saw them glimmering under the full moon, which was quite a sight. The biggest surprise is that in the middle of them are banana trees. That's what I couldn't believe—because trees growing in Canada was really pushing the limit."

"Once I'd asked a patio gardener if they covered the palms during the winter. She said they don't, so they get snow on them, but a temperature breeze keeps them alive. Snow on the palms in English Bay. It sounds like a *Burned Ladies* song."

**COMIC AND TV HOST MARY WALSH**

"I wasn't that fond of Canada for a long time. Then as I got older and had a child I came to love the things that I had loved—I loved Northern Frye. He's written all this stuff about his sense of Canada, about how geography is destiny, rather than history. It



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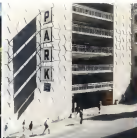
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## MASTER OF ILLUSION

TONI HAFKENSCHIED'S landscapes look just like model sets



"WHEN I WAS A KID I spent a lot of time playing with model train sets," says Toronto-based photographer Toni Hafkenschied, 44. "For me, it's almost like you are God. You're creating this world, it's yours, and if you don't like the little house, you replace it or you change the trees or whatever." His amazing landscapes capture the happy child-hood experience of playing with toys. Hafkenschied uses two main tricks to make the photos look like model sets: shooting light that will catch the surfaces of the photographs so that the colours are lush and sparkly, and using a narrow strip of focus to throw off the sense of scale. Plus, he knows what to look for. "A long hot crack in the asphalt in a toypad," he says.

Hafkenschied has been photographing Canadian landscapes for almost four years. So far, he's turned his sights on British Columbia, Quebec and Ontario, and is now hoping to document other parts of Canada. "The wheat fields of Saskatchewan are so close in a way," he says. "They're asking for me to do something with them."

JEFF HARRIS



Scenes from Ontario and British Columbia, he creates his toypad images by choosing a distinct light and using a very narrow strip of focus.



# THE ROAD TO TOLERANCE

Only real bilingualism will bring the two solitudes closer together

IN 1966, the same year the Americans took their first step on the moon, Canadians were saying their best to explore their inner space. In a report examining the bilingual nature of Canada, the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism envisioned that someday, Canadians would be able to speak both French and English from St. John's to Vancouver. What has happened to this beautiful dream? Are young Canadians more bilingual than their parents?

I am who is known as a full 100% child. I was born 27 years ago in Joliette, the same year the newly elected Parti Québécois passed the legislation intended to protect and promote the French language in Quebec. My parents, who are baby boomers, had married during Expo 67. They were witnesses to the 1970 October Crisis and were horrified, like most

In my almost four years in Toronto, I have come to understand English Canadians a little better. Still, despite the efforts of Robert Baldwin, Louis-Philippe LaFleur, Lester B. Pearson and Pierre Trudeau, the gulf between English and French Canadians is still as wide as ever. Talking about this country's two solitudes can appear to be futile, but the truth is they still exist. Why do French and English Canadians continue to have so little in common, in spite of the loonie, and perhaps the caribou? Why must I go to the foreign section at any vid to want to rent *Le Diable à quatre* or *Mon oncle Antoine*? Why must I go to Monopie à la Poutine Internationale to buy *Le Diable*?

**IF WE** really want to build bridges, it will be through the schools. If not, linguistic fights in this country will continue.

These friends don't know about the Basenaked Ladies, Jim Mitchell, Glenn Gould, Margaret Atwood, Robertson Davies or Barbara Gandy either. My English Canadian friends, for that matter, have no idea who Félix Leclerc, Diane Dufresne, Sylvain Lévesque or Pauline Johnson are. Quebec artists or Quebec immigrants? God only knows. In fact, the only artists known on both sides of the Ottawa River are those who have had success in the United States: Celine Dion and Jay Chetty come to mind, as does Wayne Gretzky for a different sort of artistry.

France Canada is not tolerant and inclusive, a country where anyone can get married, wherever their colour, religious or sexual orientation. I want a country with a clear separation between church and state, one where I can celebrate then Kippur, St. Jean Baptiste Day, St. Patrick's Day, Ramadan and Chinese New Year. But above all, I want a country where people can express themselves freely in French and English and be understood from coast to coast. But the current reality is far different: according to Statistics Canada,

only 33.7 per cent of Canadians are currently bilingual—a far cry from the 50 per cent increase since 1971. At this pace, Canada will be bilingual by 2699.

The only officially bilingual province is New Brunswick. But the norm is rampant unilingualism. The academy is the music industry: the ADISQ-Gala in Quebec, and the Juno Awards in the rest of Canada. But that way of living on parallel roads that never meet is not to our advantage.

For the last 40 years, people have talked about the right to receive services in their own language, but not about the joy of sharing each other's culture. It's through culture that you learn how people think, what their obsessions are, and the way they see the world, society, family, life and death. Canadians need to know each other's souls.

In France, the works of Diderot, Montaigne, Sartre, de Beauvoir and many others are taught because the French understand that great thinkers are part of their heritage and that it's important to transmit culture from one generation to another. Why shouldn't it be the same in Canada? Who's that Robert Charlevoix? Denise Bombardier? Who are these famous unknowns? Who were Emily Murphy and La Belle? In this sense, a Canadian historical foundation, produced in great numbers, is missing here and there on TV is a marvellous way to expose history, but it's not enough to really explore who these women were. And culture isn't only popular culture, it's serious literature, music, theatre, dance, architecture. It's La Sagounerie by Antonine Maillet, Paul Thériault's paintings, Rose Dore's novels, Offenbach's rock music, Michel Tremblay's *Les Sorcières*, and Mordecai Richler's *Le Diable à quatre*.

So what would be the most effective way of making Canada bilingual and bicultural? Ideally, there should be many more—and better published—bilingual high school exchange programs. But in Canada, education is under provincial jurisdiction. So the provinces should create courses at the

primary and secondary school level dedicated to Canadian culture. A council of ministers of education should be established to take responsibility for this dossier.

Including a surprise five-minute lesson at the end of a French or English class will not be enough. Any more than using hot yoga, *disco-wa, miam* or *je t'aime* in a session makes an English Canadian bilingual. The proposed courses should be at least an hour a week throughout high school. It wouldn't be a waste of time at all if we still

want to be multilingual, as Jean Levasseur said in the '90s.

The faster this course is established, the faster there will be reconciliation between the two solitudes. To make young Quebecers feel part of Canada, we need more than a reprinted constitution or a crowd of English Canadians handing out national flags exploring their way to vote "No" on the next referendum. Last minute acts don't mean a thing. If we really want to build bridges, it will be through the schools. If not,

linguistic fights will repeat themselves, and political instability will continue.

As my grandmother always told me, culture is a little bit like jam: the less you have, the more you have to spread it. In Canada, we have lots of jam—but we don't know all the flavours yet. We have to learn and taste these flavours. It's the first step that will lead us down the road of tolerance.

Francis Chalfour teaches at the Collège Français in Toronto.







## FROM THE HEART

A photographer's quest to document Canada Day



**SHORTLY BEFORE** July 1, 1997, photographer Steve Simon was driving through the rolling hills of southern Alberta. The beauty of the scene—gaud green and yellow, endless blue sky—prompted a question, he recalls. “What have we done to deserve all this? For so few to have so much clean, beautiful, beautiful space—we really are very lucky.” He set out that day on a 13-year project: to document the rituals and festivities of Canada Day in each of the country’s provinces and territories.

Simon, a native of Montreal, is currently based in New York City. He says that living in the United States in a time of war and the terrorist threat has given him a renewed sense of appreciation of Canada. “I feel much safer when I’m back here, regardless of where in Canada I may be.” Canadians don’t necessarily have to wave the flag to be patriotic, Simon notes. But, he adds, “Maybe we take our good fortune too much for granted. That’s what I thank to myself when I look around on July 1.”

FOR MORE CANADA DAY PHOTOS,  
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Clockwise from top left: Canada Day, 2005, in Grand Falls, N.B.; Brashear, Mass., 2002; Montreal, 2000; Pemberton, B.C., 2002

# 'I WOULD DO IT AGAIN'

John Turner reflects on the good and the bad of life as a politician

John Napier Turner, Canada's 17th prime minister, recently marked two milestones for 50th anniversary of becoming a lawyer and, on June 7, his 73th birthday. More than 100 friends and current and former colleagues fired him in Ottawa, Turner, who practices law at Miller Thomson in Toronto, talked to *Maclean's* Editor Anthony Wilson-Jones.

**As a former prime minister yourself, can you give a snapshot of some of the other prime ministers you have known?**

It goes to show John Diefenbaker well when he was leader of the opposition. These men were anyone dominates the House of Commons the way he did. Lester Pearson was very intellectually competent. Very persuasive. A very agreeable man to deal with. Trudeau was like a chairman of the board. He gave a lot of freedom to run your department, to run your own deal, and I did that in Justice and Finance ministries. He was as good as no nonsense as he thought he was. He was former bringing in John Kenneth Galbraith to give him advice, and I'd have to disagree Galbraith before he was satisfied our what Trudeau was looking for. Brian Mulroney I've known since we both were young lawyers in Montreal, in fact, I offered him a job. As prime minister, he had great presence and charm. We disagreed about many things—most notably, of course, free trade—but it was not personal.

**Do you still have the same appetite for the Free Trade Agreement that drove your election campaign in 1987?**

The deal we ended up with isn't free trade at all, and hasn't been in terms of steel, soft wood lumber, all sorts of things. Whatever the Americans wanted, they get. They will find they get access to all our extraordinary trade agreements, too. It's a free trade, but this is not a free trade agreement.

**What foreign leaders impressed you the most? Besides Wilcoxon, Richard Nixon was**

incredibly impressive to deal with. Trudeau and Nixon didn't get along, so he used to send me to Washington. I'd go to the White House with an agenda, sanctioned by Trudeau, and play tennis with George Schultz, who was secretary of the treasury, and I was minister of Finance. Nixon didn't play tennis, but George and I would have a game, get into the locker room, have a scotch, have a shower, then George and I would go up and have dinner with Nixon. I'd have a bunch of agenda on the agenda, we'd solve about three, and scotch them with a handshake. One time, Nixon said to me,

**'TRUDEAU was like a chairman of the board. He gave a lot of freedom. But he wasn't as good at economics as he thought.'**

"You know, you're taking a big chance," and I said, "Why is that, Mr. President?" He said, "There's just us two and you here, and no other restraint of our deal." And I said, "Mr. President, if I thought I needed a witness, I wouldn't be here." He laughed. Nixon was always extremely self-keeling. He didn't have any notes before him when we had dinner or in conversations, but he knew the answer in hand, and he knew exactly what he wanted.

The House of Commons seems to have been a more collegial place in the past than it is today. How has it changed? The House in my day was much more free-wheeling. There was no TV, which made a big difference, and we had evening sessions. When you have evening sessions, you are up having a few drinks with the guys across the table and dinner and so on, and you get to know each other better. Today, with televised sessions, it's much more pro-

cedural in manner. Once you had cameras, leaders started to talk straight to viewers, the atmosphere changed completely.

**How have relations changed between politicians and the media?**

The writers I used to deal with as a young man, you could talk with regularly off the record. If they asked, "OK, John, what was behind this decision?" you could tell them frankly, without being betrayed, and they'd have background as to how to handle it. Today, I don't think anything is off the record. People in the media, they've been seduced into printing everything they hear.

**You are active in efforts to restore confidence in the democratic process. What are your specific concerns?**

Even at the federal level, where voter participation is highest, turnout is around just 60 per cent. It's especially low among younger people, and that's a huge concern. People feel that vote doesn't count. It's hard to get people to vote for public office. They're concerned about the financial sacrifice, pressure on their marriage, media intrusion into their personal lives and, finally, the current irrelevance of a member of Parliament. So they ask, "Is it really worth being elected?"

**Any regrets about your political career?**

I was justice minister at the 1977 Victoria conference where we achieved agreement on constitutional reform—until Robert Bourassa backed out. That was a mistake by Bourassa. Trudeau never forgave him. And I strongly supported the Meech Lake accord, which I felt would have been good for the country.

**When you look at your return to elected politics in 2004, what are your feelings?**

I was doing well in private life, having a good time, but there was enormous pressure to go for the leadership. And I've always had



a very strong commitment to the importance of public service, so it didn't feel right to say no. But fairly quickly, journalists were that I looked rusty. In retrospect, they were probably right. It's tough when you're away for a long time.

**Your involvement in elected politics began in 1963. As you've said, you could have made**

much more money by staying in the private sector. Any regrets?

When I first ran for office, I was 32 years old and managing partner at a law firm in Montreal. The reason my partners let me run is that they were sure I would lose. I kept that job after I was elected, which is something that would be impossible now. In financial terms, I'm still compensating

for what I lost in 23 years of elected politics. But I enjoyed public service in one of the highest forms of calling. So I would do it all again.

**Will you ever retire?**

One of my earliest cases was against a 90-year-old lawyer who was sharp as a whip. That's the way to go.



## JUDGING ATROCITY

A Canadian lawyer is overseeing war crimes indictments in Sierra Leone

WHEN HE WAS STILL a law student, Luc Côté took a year off from the Université de Montréal to hitchhike across much of West Africa. On his eight-month trek, Côté saw the best of what Africa has to offer. "People used to come up to me on the street to give me food," he recalls. In 1994, when he returned to Africa—this time as a UN investigator in post-genocide Rwanda—he saw the worst. "As a lawyer, you see things, but you cannot say that you're uncomfortable," Côté says. It's not much different now that he is chief

of prosecutions of the Special Court for Sierra Leone.

Côté's job in the capital Freetown has been to prosecute war crimes in indictments against those who bear—in the terms of the court's mandate—"the greatest responsibility" for atrocities committed during the latter part of the civil war that ravaged the West African nation in the 1990s. At least 50,000 people were killed, as many as two million displaced, and thousands maimed, their limbs hacked off by rebels. The conflict was an unrelenting disaster for a nation of just

**The country's devastated civil war left the scars of people warlike.**

4.4 million. "What we're trying to do here is to put an end to the culture of impunity," Côté says. "Leaders have to answer for their actions."

The first trial opened in June, and the Special Court is selecting international attention as a possible model for other nations recovering from war. Unlike the special international criminal tribunals set up for Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia, it is not a UN body. Neither is it a domestic tribunal. Instead, it is a hybrid and independent court established under a United

Nations treaty signed by the UN and the Sierra Leone government in 2002. And unlike the tribunals for Rwanda and the Balkans, based respectively in The Hague and the Netherlands, the court is in the country where the atrocities were committed. As well, for dignitaries and Sierra Leoneans are working together as prosecutors, defence lawyers, investigators and judges. It is hoped that, as a result, the Special Court will be both more efficient and less expensive than the other two international tribunals.

Côté's views as a prosecutor were shaped by Rwanda, where he arrived in September 1994, barely two months after the onset of the genocide of the Tutsi minority. As a member of a special investigations unit of the Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights, his job was to locate mass graves. The pungent odour of impregnated latrine soil, the 4 X 4 and his clothing. "We searched for

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deaths," he recalls. The following year, Côté joined the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda. He was eventually assigned to drafting indictments against Rwandan army and government officials who masterminded the massacres.

Colleagues remember him as a compassionate worker. "Bob'd come in some mornings, and you could see he had spent the night at the office," recalls Gilbert Morris, a former RCMP sergeant now on loan to the Kems Lévesque court from the Rwanda tribunal. Their boss at the time was another Canadian, Louise Arbour, who later became a Supreme Court of Canada judge. She describes Côté as a man with strong feelings on social issues, a lawyer respectful of the rights of the accused, and an overall nice guy. "He's very witty, very intelligent and very earnest," says Arbour, who on July 1 will become UN high commissioner for human rights.

Before Rwanda, Côté spent 18 years in Montreal as a legal aid lawyer, a job he found stimulating because he never knew what to expect. "It was like working in an emergency ward," he recalls. At the time, Côté could not imagine being a prosecutor. He was the son of a construction worker from working-class Verdun, on the outskirts of Montreal. In his view, to prosecute was to punish, to play into the hands of the police, the people who cracked skulls on picket lines. That wasn't the side he felt leaning. Côté wanted to be on "I wanted to be on the side of the underdog," he says—the widow and the orphan. But the time he spent in Rwanda changed his mind. "For the worst crime, genocide, I could switch from defence to prosecution," he observes.

Côté, 46, who has never married, is at it again in Freetown, where he went after spending a year in Ottawa at the Justice Department's war crimes unit. He is both handling cases and overseeing the team of prosecutors hoping to nail so-called "big fish." The court has so far indicted 13 men with violations of the Geneva Conventions, grossly referred to as war crimes. Charges include murder, rape, acts of terror, looting and burning, sexual slavery and attacks on POWs. The court recently ruled that it would consider the use of child soldiers as a war crime, going back to 1996, even though that form of conscription was only officially outlawed worldwide with the creation of the International Criminal



"When we're trying to do this, it's not an easy job," says Côté.

Côté in 1998.

Côté had been at a Kems Lévesque court would meet out "justice" under which losses are charged and winners get off the hook. But Côté points out that the first three men to stand trial are former members of the Civil Defence Forces, a pro-government militia led by Sam Hinga Norman, who was arrested in 2003 while he was still internal affairs minister. Trials of some rebel leaders will begin in July.

Some Kems Lévesques are skeptical about the trials, in part because the main leaders of the rebellion may never stand up in dock. Former Revolutionary United Front head Rolf Sankoh died of natural causes in 2003 while in custody in Freetown, while RUF rebel commander Sam Bockarie was killed in May in clashes in neighboring Liberia. Another rebel leader, Johnny Paul

still hopes the Taylor, often accused of having armed the RUF in exchange for diamonds, will one day stand trial in Freetown. "It's a great chance that he escape justice and sought asylum in Nigeria," he says.

The court itself, to which Canada has contributed \$3 million of a total three-year \$100-million budget, isn't above criticism. Questions about its impartiality arose in March because of Geoffrey Robertson, a British lawyer and human rights activist who is one of eight current judges. Defence lawyers argued Robertson should be disqualified because of the bias evident in a book he published in 2000 before being appointed. In *Crimes Against Humanity: The Struggle for Global Justice*, Robertson wrote that the RUF had committed "grotesque crimes" and described Sankoh as "the nation's butcher."

To avoid any appearance of conflict of interest, the Special Court announced that Robertson would not sit on cases involving RUF rebels. In the meantime, human rights groups such as Amnesty International have explained the fact that the court's mandate only opened the prosecution November 1996. Accusations were committed before that, and critics fear those guilty of them will not be brought to justice. The reason the mandate of the Special Court is unlikely to be changed, and Kems Lévesque courts are bound by a general amnesty to rebels, a condition of the 1993 peace treaty. Despite criticism, though, Côté believes the Special Court is playing an essential role. As he observes, "The mandate of justice is important—for a long and lasting peace."

**THE** Special Court is attracting international attention as a possible model for other countries recovering from war

Koroma, a currently on the run—was former Liberian President Charles Taylor, indicted on 17 counts of crimes against humanity and war crimes, is still in Nigeria, which has refused to hand him over. The Special Court ruled at the end of May that his status as a head of state at the time of the indictment did not give him immunity. Côté

# ON SALE NOW!

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# KEEPING KIDS ON TRACK

Tough neighbourhood. High dropout rate. A Toronto program helps young people reconnect with school.

**THE QUESTION** "what's poverty?" hangs in the air. Eventually, a student in the Grade 7/8 class volunteers, "It's when you get kicked out of your house." Another follows with, "A place that's not very good." Teacher Anwerith Morgan tries another tack. "At risk. Social housing. When you hear those words, who are they talking about?" This one he's recorded with the few, scattered members of 30 students. "Us." In truth, the kids at Nelson Mandela Park School are experts in poverty. They live in or around Regent Park, Canada's oldest and largest public housing complex. At \$18,000, its residents' median annual income is, by a wide margin, the lowest in Toronto. These Margu's students are reluctant to see themselves as poor, says spokeswoman, but their sense of dignity and pride. Still, they don't choose to embrace the label to suffer poverty's consequences.

Being poor, it will establish, is an educational liability. While the high school dropout rate for Canada's cities through the 1990s, Queen's University education professor Alan King notes that it's been climbing in recent years. In a study tracking the effects of Ontario's 1997 curriculum reform, he predicts up to 30 per cent of students will fail to graduate after five years. And kids from low-income homes are consistently over-represented in the final tally. The picture is darker yet for students from Regent Park, where the dropout rate in the early '90s was double that of the Toronto average.

Some kids go to find work, but the reasons are usually more complex: struggling families are often headed by parents who are single, have little education and/or are new immigrants with limited English—all factors associated with poor academic achievement. Individuals such as Morgan, who moved into Regent Park as a seven-year-old Jamaican immigrant in 1977 and went to the

same school where he now teaches, defy the statistics on a regular basis. Rarely, however, does a whole community buck the trend.

That may be about to change. Three years ago, staff at the local community health centre established a stay-in-school program called Pathways to Education. Led by program director Norman Brown, Pathways targets kids entering Grade 9 and offers them a range of supports over four years: tutoring, peer-group mentoring, financial incentives that include daily transit fare and a \$4,000 bursary for graduates, as well as full-time support workers who help kids and parents negotiate the demands of secondary school. These features, along with the fact that anyone can enrol (an astonishing 97 per cent of the area's high schools actually do), make Pathways unique.

There are plenty of ways that schools might at risk students toward graduation. But none as common, but professional athletes and community leaders are also regularly called upon to mentor kids. And a number of provinces have integrated "teacher advisory" time into the curriculum. But how effective are these strategies? According to King's study, Ontario's teacher advisory program has "very little impact on the educational plans of the majority of students." Similarly, University of Toronto education professor Ben Levin believes that many short-term, narrowly focused efforts are "a waste of time." What works is "changing what goes on in the classroom. We need to make learning more engaging," something that can be achieved, he argues, by giving students greater control over curriculum. Beyond that, he adds, some need two basic things to succeed: "a sense of personal connection with adults in the school, and some goals to motivate them."

Pathways, with its mentoring and school

For Tahir (left) and Arif, Pathways has enhanced their classroom experiences.

support, has produced results. Absenteeism among Regent Park students has fallen by 50 per cent. And because more kids are passing more of their courses, the proportion of those considered "academically at risk" has also been halved. Pauline McKenna, principal of Jarvis Collegiate, says Pathways' "direct connection into the community" means it can do things the school can't—namely, provide the type of support many middle-class kids get at home. In the past three years, she notes, "I've seen a real blossoming in these kids."

Pathways' fans also include Gov. Con Akinwa-Clarkson and Prime Minister Paul Martin, who each checked out the program in person this spring. But such attention has inspired hopes any government funds. The program's \$2.8-million budget comes entirely from individual, corporate and

foundation donors—a situation he says can't be sustained. Given the social issues (dropouts require more police, health care and welfare services), it's hard to see why it should.

**EVERY THURSDAY** during lunch break, Arif Anwerith, 15, visits the basement workshop room at Central Technical School so he can jog for 30 minutes before hanging from a chin-up bar. "Kids make fun of me," says the Grade 10 student, who emigrated to Toronto from Sri Lanka when he was 7, "saying that I'm fat and small." By now, he means strong, five feet. "I hang so I can grow. It stretches your bones. After about a minute I start to slip." Kobi also loves. And because he lives in Regent Park. "They call it a garbage place. I don't care. I like it in one and I love the other."

Arif, who lives with his two younger sisters, homecare man and unemployed father, has overcome greater hurdles. Arriving at Central Tech, he was placed in the

periodical "essentials" stream, despite his B+ average in Grade 8. In October, Pathways support worker Sam Isaac was struck by Arif's 90-plus per cent grades. Isaac persuaded the guidance counsellor, and the school principal, to let Arif to the applied stream, Thuring at this level, he moved into the academic stream in every subject but math.

The kid's initiation to Central Tech was an inauspicious one. "I just stumbled so bad," he says. "I'd try to study at home but just wasn't getting on my own." says the native of Bangladesh, 12, who lives in a subsidized apartment with his mother. "I was kind of shy to ask people for help—like I was the only one that felt like a course." Notes Winanne, James' predecessor, converted Thuring to pass Pathways. "I realized that time was flying away, and I had to decide which university to go to, what I'm going to do with my life," says Tahir, who scored 89 per cent in Grade 11 math last fall. When he first learned about Pathways

at a Grade 8 party, he recalls, "I was thinking only about the clothes and the money—that it wouldn't be doing a part of my life." These days, it takes up four evenings a week—two of them, until May, devoted to a University of Toronto sociology course being taught at his former elementary school. Pathways, says Tahir, "is huge for me."

Things might have worked out anyway for Arif and Tahir. But pre-Pathways, they weren't going well for more than half the high-school kids from Regent Park. And their future is still school. In a study of 100 students, University of Toronto sociologist David Brown estimates \$10 million in reduced social spending and increased on-revenue for each graduating class from the community. For 54,000 per student year, he says, "we're providing all the supports, and half of that is going directly to the kids in the form of TTC tokens and bursaries." Pretty good value for running a community school. **E**



# A NEW VINTAGE

Old Ferraris and Bugattis still bewitch collectors, but coming up fast behind them... 1960s and '70s muscle cars



**MAYBE IT'S** a mid-life crisis thing, maybe it's that some horses suddenly have spare cash, but the latest vintage car craze—yes, it's diversity that helps popularity—is all about the muscle cars of the 1960s and early 1970s. Perhaps it's memories of racing in the back seat that provide the impetus for looking over US\$291,500 for a 1966 Shelby Mustang GT350 Convertible, as someone did at an auction in Boca Raton, Fla., last year.

In the past few years, prices on cars like Hemi Cadis or Italia Camaros or Big Block Convertibles have shot through the roof, doubling or even tripling. Even a Datsun 240Z from the era, with its barely-there back end and its elongated front, is a collectible these days, says Rob Myers, a guy with a front-row seat to the vintage car trend parade. Myers, who started out in 1978 doing custom paint work on motorcycles, today runs North America's largest vintage car restoration facility, His Charters, Ore., company RM Auctions Inc. has also morphed into one of the biggest automobile auction houses in the world. Last year, it sold \$100 million worth of antique cars.

Vintage muscle cars are now fetching US\$25,000 to US\$30,000, but the ones like that Shelby

Mustang, in picture-perfect condition, with low mileage, historical documents and four limited-run production, can easily reach six figures, Myers says. On top of the ever-growing market for all collector cars—worth billions worldwide—shoring up itself, industry has sprouted up. There are vintage custom parts, then media, including a TV show whose title evokes a gaily martial-arts flick, *Chop Car Rebels!* And then there are the car shows, attended by thousands, such as the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance in California, where tickets cost \$85,000 or more and where there is no much buffed chrome you have to wear shades.

As desirable as the rubber-burning muscle bachelors are, the more expensive collector cars are still those with the familiar names: Ferraris, Mercedes-Bers, Alfa Romeos, plus such old classic as 1911 Duesenbergs. Myers, who drives a different car every week, says he has trouble choosing his favorites. "Last weekend I was driving a 1931 V16 Cadillac Roadster," he said recently. "It's a two-seater with a rumble seat. The week before I was driving a '67 Corvette convertible. This weekend I'm going to be driving a 1923 Locomobile. My problem is, I've got the automobile so bad, I love everything."

KATHERINE MADOLEN

**LEFT:** The 1961 Chaparral, a limited-edition racing car, would easily fetch seven figures. **FAIR LEFT:** This 1962 Ferrari—that year's winner of the LeMans race—sold at auction for a record US\$6.5 million in 2002.

## 1966 SHELBY MUSTANG GT350 CONVERTIBLE

One of only four convertibles built that year, one of only two four-speed models, and the only one of its color, Springtime Yellow. **PRICE TAG:** US\$291,500.



## 1970 PONTIAC GTO JUDGE CONVERTIBLE

The king of drag racing. The Judge, featuring air-ride graphics, also has rarely going for it, only 150 drag kings were built. **ESTIMATED VALUE:** US\$125,000-\$250,000.



## 1969 CHEVROLET CAMARO YENKO S/C COUPE

Named after famous GM hot-rod customer Ken Yenko, this car was one of three at the 1968 U.S. Camaro Nationals. **ESTIMATED VALUE:** US\$160,000-\$200,000.



## 1970 CHEVROLET CHEVELLE SS-396 L36

Invitational vehicle for the mid-'60s "red hot," the Chevelle had the most powerful engine among its muscle peers. **ESTIMATED VALUE:** US\$75,000-\$90,000.



# MY RETURN TO ELLAS

In this quickly modernizing country, there's still some Zorba left, reports STAVROULA LOGOTHETIS

*Where you are out on your way to Ithaca, you should hope that your journey is a long one: a journey full of adventures, full of knowing—bliss, by Greek poet Constantine Cavafy*

**CAVAFY** WROTE those words in 1911. I'll be more than 20 years ago. My father loved them. I remember the day he took a faded piece of paper from his old, discoloured wallet and asked me to read it to him. I read the words in Greek, and at the time I was in my 11th year. I didn't get it. My father smiled and, being the sage he was, told me that one day the meaning of those words would become deep with in me. I smiled and thought no more of it.

He passed away three years ago, and ever since I have lived with an insatiable yearning to return home to Greece, or as we refer to her, *Ellas*. To return to Athens, the city of my birth, my family, my roots, and to answer a call that I couldn't even begin to explain. Through a series of events I believe were fated—the word coincidence does not exist in my family's lexicon—I now find myself in Greece. When CBC-TV offered me the opportunity to host a series on Greece for my Olympic coverage, I knew the gods had set something in motion. But when a book of Cavafy's, with this poem in it, fell into my hands as I searched for another book on the shelf, the fair on the back of my neck stood up. I was leaning Toronto for Athens the next day. This was no coincidence.

Fast forward it is that I return the same year the Olympics come home, ending a 108-year absence since the Games were refused in the modern era. In some ways we are both on a similar journey. Both were conceived and born in Greece, both were taken away from here, and both return to find an incredible metamorphosis taking place. But we, too, have changed with all the years abroad.

I am guilty like many visitors and Greeks who have emigrated, of wanting to keep Greece in the past. Guilty of perpetuating what I call the Zorba myth—you know, the happy, carefree, life-is-a-glass-of-ouzo, let's-brake-some-glasses-chico. But modern Greece—and it's strange to say this of a land this ancient—is fighting like a rebellious teenager to free herself from the weight of such outdated expectations. Athens, and Greece in general, is struggling to become a sophisticated, young European nation. She has traded in her drachmas for the euro, although some Greeks still calculate things in the old currency. They still associate the country with late-revolutions, not Harley's, handmade sandals, not Manola Mikellides, local restaurants and of upscale fusion cuisine and sushi.

A part of me says modernization is a good thing. The Olympics have helped propel Greece into becoming more European. Different highways have been built, local roads repaired, abandoned ruins turned into parks with fountains and grass. There's the metro, malls, fast-food chains, trendy bars and Starbucks. People use the trash cans provided on street corners. There never was this before. My friend Maria squealed with delight, "We now have pappies." Another friend

**THE GAMES** have helped propel Greece into becoming more European. Part of me says it's a good thing.



Luxurious in the Plaka district of Athens—this is one prime real estate

invested in the stock market, something his father also did, and, this 63-year-old man who owned a jewelry shop all his life and put his money underneath his mattress. Women have removed the headscarves from their heads and are now proud to let you know they have recently had a Botox injection or a facelift. I can just see my papa—grandmother—shaking her head or doubled.

Many Greeks are deeply conflicted over these changes—something I share. I live in Canada, a country where people have access to all this and more. Why shouldn't Greece have it as well? But at what cost? "We are a race of people whose passion for life has helped us survive 400 years of Ottoman occupation, ancient wars, civil wars, world wars and dictatorship," says Iliana, a friendly friend. "And we have done this with an incredible resilience, maturity and inherent understanding of who we are and what

makes us Greek. We are the children of Zeus, the inventors of Pericles and the soldiers of Socrates. We are the cradle of civilization!" I ask Spiro to define the "Greek spirit" for me, and to comment on whether Greeks will find a happy balance between the past and the future. "Not," answers this 63-year-old man who drove a taxi all his life. "We are not people of moderation."

The changes have made him sad and angry. *Phylotimo* (sense of honour) has been replaced by materialism. "We used to be full of phylotimo, people loved to visit Greece," says Spiro. "Now they say we are rich, and it's only about the money. Where is our pride, I ask you?" He lights a cigarette and asks for another taxi from my cousin Niko. He believes the younger generation of Greeks has no identity. "You children from outside of here are more Greek than my own children," he says. "In you I have

hope. Here, we are vanishing." I want that mythical Greece to exist, the one my parents talked about, the one in the books and what cinema I watched with them in the outdoor cinema when I was a child in Athens. That is how I define myself—that in Greece it can't vanish. And so I set out to find her. I returned one time finally home in the old part of Athens, the Plaka. Although I was 5 when we left, we came back several summers to this residence. I remember my papa sitting by the door, cleaning green beans during hot summer nights, the local children and I playing in the courtyard, laundry hanging to dry, music reaching us from the local taverna, the Acropolis with the temple of Athena towering over us like a devoted mother. The Agios, the heart of ancient Athens, was our playground. I hope to see some familiar faces, catch a glimpse of Stella, my

childhood friend, or some of the women who indulged in loud gossip with my mother as they herded us in for the night.

But all these people have also moved away. My cousin tells me Stella now has an upscale address elsewhere, with a doorman and security guard. But even here, laundry no longer hangs from dishcloths, and kids are now chauffeured around in BMWs. The neighbourhood has become prime real estate. There are souvenir shops, coffee houses, galleries and Internet cafes. I search for the little taverna where my father hung out with my uncle at night. I turn in the direction I faintly remember from when my mother sent me to fetch him. Church bells begin to ring. When I turn a corner onto a narrow one-way street I've found the place. It's changed, but I feel that here in the shadows my father and uncle still

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- 3 (1500) **Max-Henri Bouché**, "New Do-Brother Engineering: The Early Stages of Development", Western College, Mississauga, Ontario

#### INTERMEDIATE

- 1 (1000) + \$500 (Exchange Program): **Monica Fiksdal**, "Choose Them and Lose Them", Walter Murray Collegiate, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
- 2 (1000) **Adrian de la Hay, Nicolas Verre**, "The 'Invisible' vs. 'Visible'", Collège St-Joseph, Montreal, Quebec
- 3 (1000) **Sarah Richardson**, "Lipin vs. Glycerol", Queen Charlotte Secondary School, Queen Charlotte City, BC

#### JUNIOR

- 1 (750) **Christopher Galeazzi**, "It's All Relative!", St. Paul Secondary, Prince George, BC
- 2 (500) **Lisa Richards**, "The Role of Glycans in Ascorbic Acid", Green Park High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba
- 3 (500) **Natasha Fort**, "Protein with the Superpowers of Ice Cream", Eastview Public School, Belleville, Ontario

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#### Greece

always sit, waiting for a drink. A man who looks to be in his 70s sits out. I wonder if he is the young man in a picture I have, sitting at a table with my father and uncle. "What are you looking for, perhaps [my child] on the face of this old man?" he asks.

"How, my past," I think to myself. I tell him who I am and he goes light up. He remembers my father, my uncle and the wrong-witted little kid always calling her father home for supper. He is not the man in the photo. He was the waiter, and looked in on my grand mother after we left for Canada. "They don't make women like that anymore," he says. "So, you have come back looking for yourself, eh?" "Yes, something like that," I smile back. "You don't have to look far, just up there," he says, pointing to the Acropolis. "Know your history and you know yourself!"

### TALK about big changes: my friend Maria squeals with delight as she tells me, 'We now have supplies'

But what if the place that used to hold your history has been lost to pieces of it? "Perhaps that is why you are here," he says. I walk toward Monastiraki, a place of young people, artists, and new immigrants who have begun to change the flavor of Athens' neighborhoods. For me this is familiar territory: in monastiraki are of Canada and my Toronto neighborhood. I love the energy here: the alternative music, art studios and bohemian cafes. I love the different smells of Indian spices, African food stands, and Asian shops—the sights, sounds and smells of other cultures. I am glad to see diversity begin to flourish here.

Not everyone feels the same way. Just beyond the Monastiraki district is a little street-filled labyrinth (alleys) where local men scuffle. They discourage the *zimis* (foreigners) from coming here. The men argue, some between 25 and 35. This is a place that call home, where they play cards and backgammon, drink ouzo and Greek coffee, smoke Greek cigarettes. All of them have *hacholoi* (magnificent worry beads), and yes, some even wear the black *ballocheris* cap. It feels like the loss of the last, best pieces of Greek male culture, and like the loss of city of Athens,

these men are slowly becoming myth. I ask *Stavros*, a 25-year-old actor, why he comes here. "I want to be among these men before they are no more," he replies. "These are my teachers. Most of them have known each other since they were kids." I ask him about his English. He is self-taught, he tells me. "Come here with my friends because it is one of the few remaining places where we men don't have to explain to anyone who we are. We are just Greek men being Greek men." Being a Greek woman, this actually makes sense to me, but the Canadian woman in me just wants to laugh it off.

Later in the week I meet Diane Shapiro, a Greek-American journalist. She's written one of the best books I have read on this city, *Athens By Night*. She has been in Athens for several years. When I ask her why she came, she answers without hesitation. "The life and the drama," she says. "People remain and grow a lot here, but the cities are always full." I ask her if the Olympics will be a good thing for us, with the world focused on Greece, we want to share and show off. She tells the Greeks will be, because they have given a small country the chance to prove itself, and we will rise to the occasion. We are too proud a people not to.

I ask her if I ever got too crazy here for her, having been raised in the U.S. She tells me it does, but she is half-Greek. I ask her if she would ever trade in it. "It depends on the day." We laugh, knowing she's only half-joking. Yes, it does get crazy, but it is a kind of beautiful crazy that sometimes ruins. I have met many Greeks who returned to live here after having emigrated. They all say the same thing when I ask what brings them back: "The Life."

I find myself thinking about this answer as I sit on the face of the Acropolis, staring up toward my ancestors' monument to Athena, the goddess of wisdom and the arts. And Cavalli's words came back to my heart. It's like a grenade of emotions has gone off. I now understand the poem, and know what the title was to my father's place. I am where I started years ago as a child. I made a big piece of this country with me when I left. Where I have been has defined me, but I have also brought some thing back here. I have changed, but so has Greece. She must grow and embrace her metamorphosis, as I have. But there will always be a bit of Zorba in both of us.

#### History

## DEATH IN THE MUD

Beaumont Hamel devastated the proud Newfoundland Regiment



On the morning of the 26th, we had a hurricane parade and were addressed by General de Laig, G.O.C. of the 2nd Division. He said he was pleased to have the honour of addressing us as a battalion for the first time, on the eve of what was going to be the greatest battle in the history of the world.

—Sgt. James B. Steele, 3rd Newfoundland Regiment, in a written reminiscence of the speech before commencing the German army at Beaumont Hamel, France

**WHO THE BRITISH** general's ringing words echo through Steele's mind as he climbs out of St. John's Road, the trench from which the Newfoundlanders began their fateful run across no man's land just after 9 a.m. on July 1, 1916. It's hard to imagine they did. How, after all, could a man feel anything but cold fear as he navigated his way through the machine gun riddled bodies of the British troops who had not even made it past their own barbed wire in the first wave of the disastrous attack? "The enemy's fire was so great that immediately our boys finished on top of the parapet, they were mowed down faster and faster," Steele wrote after the war in an unpublished account.

By the time he came within 20 m of the German trenches, Steele saw that no more than a few dozen members of the 801-st Newfoundland Regiment were still standing. Even then, not for long. Steele took a piece of shrapnel in the head, then lay in the

The spirit to death began in the St. John's Road trench (above, before the battle)

road unconscious in his regiment was torn apart by gunfire. "He never talked again [Beaumont Hamel]," says Jarrold, now 79 and living in St. John's, says of his last battle.

No wonder. Within 30 minutes the proud Newfoundlanders had been all but annihilated. Many were killed within steps of their own barbed wire. Row after row of them—an entire generation of Newfoundlanders, nearly—all in the wet ground in

**'IT WAS a defining moment. We were still a British colony. But here was an effort we had made as a community.'**

front of the barbed wire of the untouched German trenches.

The final tally showed 235 dead, 386 wounded and 91 missing. Every Newfoundland officer who was over the top was either killed or wounded. The Agass, a postman's assistant from St. John's, lost four members that morning. Steele survived, only to be wounded again and finally shipped back home to St. John's. His older brother Owen, a lieutenant who stayed back to defend the trenches, was killed by a stray shell a few days after the engagement. "There

wasn't a ceremony that wasn't effected," says Newfoundland historian David MacKay Crowther. "The casualties for such a small place were incredible."

In fact, the July 1 assault, part of the larger Battle of the Somme, was expected to face little opposition. But the Allied artillery was held to soften up the enemy lines. So when the Newfoundlanders were over the top, they marched into certain slaughter. "It was a defining moment," says Ed Roberts, the province's lieutenant-governor and an honorary colonel in the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. "We were still a British colony. But there was an effort that we made as a community."

The sacrifice at Beaumont Hamel is remembered by a memorial park there and the annual Canada Day ceremony—a solemn, Remembrance Day like every—every July 1 morning in St. John's. It draws crowds rivalling those for the Canada Day fireworks that afternoon and evening.

No one seems to care that the regiment is only a mailing unit now. But its name lives on. Recently, several of its 272 members served in United Nations peacekeeping missions in Bosnia, Haiti, Afghanistan and on the Golan Heights. "It's an example of the province's courage and dedication," says Scott Leonard, a 38-year-old St. John's firefighter who is also the Royal Newfoundland Regiment's commanding officer. "We have the kind of resolve that if we believe in something we're committed to it."



# THE MAN WHO MADE CANLIT SEXY

He was one of our great definers, says publishing insider **ROY MACSKIMMING**

WHEN JACK MCCLELLAND DIED last week at 81, Canada lost not only its greatest publisher but one of its great definers. Arguably, no other book publisher in the world has had such a profound impact on a nation's cultural identity. If *CanLit* knew ourselves today through our literature, the lion's share of the credit must go to him. For four decades, the flamboyant owner of Toronto-based McClelland & Stewart worked on a larger canvas than any of his contemporaries. McClelland enthusiastically published and tirelessly championed the biggest writers—Pinky Mervin, Irving Layton, Margaret Laurence, Pierre Berton, Marcelle Blichère, Margaret Atwood, Peter C. Newman—and hosted the biggest publishing schemes.

McClelland built our literary canon. Ahead of the wave as usual, he launched the New Canadian Library in 1938, putting the country's best authors into paperback and sparking the creation of Can Lit courses at home and abroad by making their books affordable. Blasting his writers into the mass market, he founded Seal Books in 1977 in partnership with New York pocketbook giant Bantam. And on top of everything else, he made *CanadaLit* writing sexy. He became notorious for his unabashed publicity stunts concerned to capture readers' attention amid the deluge of American books.

Known as "Jack" to his wartime novel buddies, McClelland risked his life captaining a torpedo boat in the English Channel. "I lived every day as if it was the last," he once said. "I had fun all the bloody time." The appetite for danger and fun never left him. In the small world of Canadian publishing, McClelland's tolerance for risk was unheard of. He didn't merely rise the industry's temperature—he changed its climate. Taking command of M&S from his territorial father in 1932, the charming, golden-haired, chain-smoking heir revolutionized it, branching authors' careers on oceans of liquor. He transformed the cozy self-styled "Home of Good Books" (largely imported) into "The Canadian Publishers".

McClelland dropped most of the import books profitably distributed by M&S to concentrate on the riskier business of original publishing. His passion was writers discovering their, organizing their work, standing by them no matter what. He admired the gifted ones, from Gabriel Roy to Leonard Cohen, as exceptional beings. "We publish authors, not books," he famously said. M&S itself, unstruck from always to put the author first. McClelland befriended his writers, boozed with them, boozed them endlessly. "Jack made publishing fun," Pierre Berton recalled. "He had fun publishing, and his authors had fun." Mostly they returned his loyalty, even after quarrels. As Margaret Laurence reminded the unstable poet Al Purdy in 1971, their common publisher had been



McClelland, seen here in 1956, never lost his taste for danger and fun

usually the only one "proposed to take any stake on any or different writers."

A great publisher is also a great reader. Even as McClelland wrestled with his financial ailments, he continued to read every manuscript he published. And editorial advice he gave novices such as Laurence, Brian Moore and Sylvia Fraser was thoughtful, acute and unapologetically frank. But by 1985, exhausted from 39 years with the firm, McClelland

finally conceded that the Canadian book market was too small to sustain his vision, and sold his company to wealthy real-estate developer Ave Bennett. McClelland kept his hand in as a literary agent for several years, but didn't enjoy that role. After retirement at 71, he suffered a stroke and an inescapable physical decline, gradually losing his sight and hearing. There were tragic losses for a man who loved to read, see, hear and occupy centre stage. Now the frail, Pierre Berton paid his old publisher and friend a final visit, finding him able to communicate only with a weak wave of the hand.

Leonard Cohen once called McClelland "the real prime minister of Canada." But the late Margaret Laurence said it best. For her, McClelland was "a Canadian in a room. He has raised his life for us, Canadian writers. I think we have proved him right."



Jack, says **PETER C. NEWMAN**, was also a mentor, a friend and a lifesaver

**JACK MCCLELLAND** came into my life on Feb. 14, 1962, when I signed a contract to write *Ringside in Power* about John Diefenbaker's emotional conquest of a generation in 1955, and the tragicomic story of how his government had imploded in the year since. That volume kickstarted my career as an author, but much more important, it began a beautiful friendship.

He will be my publisher for the next 30 years and literary mentor for life. We did eight books together that sold one million copies, but he was very much more than a superb publisher. To those of us privileged to be his authors, Jack (nobody ever called him Mr. McClelland) was also a shrewd editor, opening a book's weaknesses and directing casual first notes that magically resolved writer's block. He was the lifesaver that writers need when facing the terror of blank pages and blunder minds: a sympathetic soul

brother who appreciates the essential loneliness of the writing life.

He devoted himself to enhancing our craft and did his best to remove the obstacles that stopped us from exploiting our potential. He would do anything for his writers, not excluding arrangements for bail or abortions, though I didn't have to avail myself of either. It's tempting to call him our father figure, but in truth he was our father, offering unconditional approval.

Jack's fundamental strength and the reason those of us who were his wards owed him was that he cared a great deal more about his authors than about his books or his company. He was the ringmaster of the most exciting publishing house that ever took root—or ever will exist—in this beautiful country. He named his personally financed business into an essential cultural institution, eloquently naming the nation's purpose and identity.

At the time, I was discouraged by the press coverage of taking on Diefenbaker, then the most powerful man in the country. Instead, I was on the point of giving up several times, but Jack made me feel that what I was doing was valuable, and I'd go back to the typewriter full of enthusiasm I didn't know I had.

His publicity stunts were legendary, but they didn't always produce their intended effect. When *C. Jones* signed a party convention in Ottawa shortly after *Ringside* was published, he hired a professional wrestler, dressed him up as a Chinese Laotian hillbilly, and paid him to page me throughout the festivities. I never did figure out the benefits of this play, since the delegates wanted to wring my neck, not the wrestler's.

His finest boast, though it nearly cost me as the trial, was during publication of my second *Canadian Establishment* volume about the neo-conservatives, when I was asked to meet by a well-known *Toronto* society lady for alleging she had matched the colour of her chauffeur's uniform with the bright Macintosh of the swimming pool Jack decided to take a stand as my behalf. He would wear a white turtleneck to my trial, because it matched the bottom of his bathrobe.

He was the supreme optimist. When he scheduled a first edition of 100,000 copies for *The Canadian Establishment*, I was nervous that he might lose his business over such an unprecedented print run. "Don't worry about it," he told me. "It'll do itself, we'll change the title." When I asked him what he had in mind, he casually replied: "We'll just call it *The Canadian Shakespearean Island Book*." It eventually sold a quarter of a million copies, but was not all part of his lifelong campaign to move books written in this country from their marginal status in bookstores (then relegated to an obscure section called *Canadians*, just east of center) into the cultural mainstream.

That is his monument, that and the profound affection of those of us who were touched by the magic of his presence and will find him looking over our shoulders. ■

# SUMMER SPLENDOUR

There's a wide and wonderful variety of shows in museums and galleries across the country

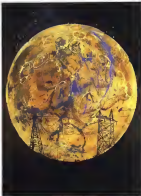
WITH EXHIBITS ranging from Renaissance drawings to domestic relics of the country's French settlers, Canadians and visitors from abroad have many riches to choose from in museums and art galleries across the country this summer. For art lovers, probably the most spectacular option is **Toronto: Whodler Moore: Impressionist Visionist** at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto (to Sept. 12). Pieced in the making, the show gathers together essential works from some of the world's great museums. The Edmonton Art Gallery, meanwhile, showcases a Canadian master in **James Wilson Morrice and the European Landscape** (to Aug. 15). Proletronic's Beaverbrook Art Gallery goes further back in time with **Seventeenth-Century Italian Drawings from Canadian Collections: The Century of Mennucci** (to Sept. 5). Stunning drawings by Raphael and Caravaggio. The National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa also has classic sketches on view—in this case, from the 18th and 19th centuries—in **Italian Neoclassical Drawings** (to Aug. 22).

The National Gallery's more spectacular exhibit, however, is **The Great Parade: Portraits of the Artist as Clown** (June 25 to Sept. 19). The centerpiece among the road-ovara works is Picasso's largest piece, a painted stage curtain for the 1917 ballet *Furber*, never before seen in Canada. The Vancouver Art Gallery is taking a more recent turn with **Andy Warhol: Prints and Drawings from the Warhol Museum** (to Sept. 4). The Art Gallery of Calgary's **Basement Show** (to Aug. 28) brings together five Canadian contemporary artists for their first joint showcase since 1983's groundbreaking Young Renaissance. Highlights include Douglas Coupland's reaction to the Columbian

shootout and a series of roomscapes by Anita Richard Lukacs.

For history buffs, the biggest domestic exhibit is the Canadian Museum of Civilization's **On the French America** (to March 28, 2005). Celebrating the 400th anniversary of French settlement, this show in Gatineau, Que., documents the daily, social and spiritual life of the first European inhabitants of the New World. Halifax's Maritime Museum of the Atlantic celebrates another heroism with **Masters of the Sea: Tall Ship Portraits from the Age of Sail** (to Sept. 6). The West also gets a nostalgic glow in **Capturing Western Legends: Russell and Bevington's Canadian Frontier** at Calgary's Glenbow Museum (to Oct. 11). Those on the Pacific coast will be able to travel to antiquity with the final Canadian stop of **Ram of Egypt: Masterworks of Ancient Art from the British Museum** at the Royal B.C. Museum in Victoria (July 10 to Oct. 31).

This city's Art Gallery, meanwhile, is featuring **World Tea Party** (June 25 to Aug. 29), focusing on the art and culture of tea, as well as **Opium: The Illicitly Delicious** (June 25 to Sept. 12). And finally, for film buffs, the Edmonton Art Gallery offers **Thriller** (to Sept. 6), which shows the attraction between film genres and modern art, with artists such as Janet Cardiff and George Bass Miller exploring the lines. The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts pays tribute to a multidisciplinary master in **Jean Cocteau: Evanescent** (to Aug. 29). The largest retrospective ever of Cocteau's work, it was a huge hit in Paris, and now rare documents key footage to reveal the eclectic personality behind Cocteau's paintings, sculptures, films, novels and dance creations.



Clockwise from top left: Toronto's painted capital for the ballet *Parade*; a roomscape from Lukacs's series; Morrice's 1917 drawing of *Clown*; Warhol's *Flowers*. The most spectacular show for art lovers is **Toronto: Whodler Moore: Impressionist Visionist** at the Art Gallery of Ontario, but other venues also offer thrilling exhibitions.

# THE BUSHWHACKER

Michael Moore is the most influential leftist on the planet, and he's in your multiplex, writes BRIAN D. JOHNSON

MICHAEL MOORE came to Canada last week to take a break from the war. Not the one in Iraq, but the one known as the United States over his new documentary, *Fahrenheit 9/11*. He'd just weathered an abusive interview with Matt Lauer of NBC's *Today* show. A number of U.S. cheese chains were under pressure to boycott the film. And he said that Star! Move, George W. Bush's senior adviser, had launched an e-mail campaign to discredit him. "This is unlike anything I've seen with my work," Moore sustained as he rode an airport limo

into Toronto, his bodyguard in the front seat. "They're coming after me with every thing they've got. So I called up the Fellowship." He's referring to the "coalition of the willing" that Miramax's Bob and Harvey Weinstein formed to distribute *Fahrenheit* after Disney, their parent company, blocked them from releasing it. "I said, 'Look, I haven't asked for any perks, but what would do me a lot of good if I could watch this movie with a Canadian audience. I'd do some interviews in Canada, it's just the trip, but I just want to get out and see it without audience that's going to get it—and then some.'"

Moore, the popular maverick from Flint, Mich., is a kind of honorary Canadian, a Yank who's learned to hop our border like a backyard fence. In Flint, he grew up preaching the Vietnam War on the CBC. And he owes his career to Canada, from the director of *Roger & Me* in Toronto, to the *Harlin* producer behind *Bowling for Columbine*. He even made a movie about the border, casting John Cusack in the ill-fated Canadian Bacon. Like us, Moore likes to observe America from an ironic distance, with his high-voiced blend of journalism and satire that's as Canadian as Mary Walsh.

When the moviehouse asks him his de-mo-nium, Moore is not picky, he's pragmatic. He has the little antler of the jester on his head getting even with the schoolyard bully. If Bush is the scolding frat boy, Moore is the averaging underdog, with the measure of humor behind the jokes in the hell cup, yet some a deep reserve of anger.

First run into him at a Toronto ad event in September 1999. Bush then he was known, but somehow he'd gathered a crowd. As the big scruffy guy walked to the pro-

mise of his first movie, *Roger & Me*, at the Toronto film festival, he looked like he was leading a small demonstration. There was already some buzz, the screening had been very oversold, and it was pandemonium. The film festival was ready to shut down the event, and the mob jamming the aisle was finally persuaded to leave. The next day the local press reported a near riot, which Moore found hilarious. "What a Canadian would call a riot, we'll just call moving forward," he told me. "For a riot in the U.S., you have to have some gunfire and arson going on. You can't just nudge people."

After the festival, the self-made pro-

**'THEY'RE coming after me with everything they've got,' Moore says of attempts to throw cold water on Fahrenheit 9/11**

ducer turned down a \$1-million deal from Disney, and \$1.5 million from Miramax. Instead, Harvey Weinstein—who, as Moore recalls, "literally chased us down the hallway with scrambled eggs on his Mickey Mouse pyjama top." In the end, Weinstein forked out \$3 million to distribute *Roger & Me*, which became the most successful documentary in history, a record now held by Moore's Oscar-winning *Bowling for Columbine* (2002).

Fifteen years after giving his voice, and shooting a fire crash-land in Canada, Moore is the most influential leftist on the planet. And with *Fahrenheit 9/11*—which Disney flunked through Miramax, and then dropped

like a hot potato—he's lighting a bonfire under George W. Bush. Over the next few weeks, the movie will reach 140 screens in Canada and 500 to 1,000 in the U.S.—depending on the boycott. Either way, it's a record release for a documentary. *Fahrenheit*, which won the Palme d'Or on Cannes last month, is the most controversial movie to inflame North America since *The Passion of the Christ*—but a lot easier to watch.

It's Moore's best movie. With *Columbine*, he targeted gun-crime America and the National Rifle Association while mounting an oblique argument that a racist culture of fear, not firearms, was at the root of American violence. *Fahrenheit 9/11* takes aim directly at President Bush, and plants the moral guideline on which he built the foundations of the war in Iraq. Uncharacteristically, Moore stays off camera for most of the movie, letting Bush serve as the star of this scorching tragedy. But what makes *Fahrenheit* so essential is the timing. Moore has made a film that incarnates the current groundswell of anti-Bush sentiment. And with the presidential campaign in full swing, it could have a serious impact.

The film tries to reverse a lot of ground. It begins with the Florida ballot debate that brought Bush to the White House, then goes on to explore the Byzantine intrigue of his family connections with arms dealers, Saudi oil tycoons and the bin Laden clan. Moore ponders the astonishing fact that up to 142 Saudis, including 24 relatives of Osama bin Laden, were flown out of the U.S. while most air travel was grounded after Sept. 11. The film's momentum says a lie in the middle with a looping dissection about the absurd hysteria of hurried secrecy—a warning moose explains how he had to drink from a bottle of his own breast milk before boarding a plane to prove it wasn't lethal. But then it moves to the war in Iraq, with images of

MOORE GAZES AT HIS ATTACK ON BUSH AS HEWES BURNING FIRE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE



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## MACLEAN'S

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civilian courage and glimpses of a U.S. military we haven't seen on television—don't look anywhere like the heavy metal music they listen to while enjoying "the ultimate rush" of wearing boots, so enlisted soldiers condemning the war as outrageous.

As an investigative documentary, *Patton* features a sensitive approach, and many of its revelations are new. But it's one thing to read about them, and quite another to see them on screen. The accumulated images have incandescent power. And the portrait of Bush that emerges is devastating. Moore depicts him as a lazy dolt who spent 42 per cent of his first 11 months in office on vacation, a guy who would rather play golf and fish than take a meeting on television. He also shows hand-drawn footage of the President in the Florida elementary school classroom on Sept. 11, being informed of the second attack on the World Trade Center, then continuing to read *My First Goodbye* to two nine-year-olds while America burned.

With *Patton* and *9/11*, Moore's guerrilla filmmaking is no longer a one-man show. He draws on a broad arsenal of footage—grainy clips of Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz hectoring his hair with spit he gave going on TV, television interviews with discredited troops in Iraq, an anonymous one following Marine recruits as they bark-marched back outside a Michigan mall. Moore still delivers some on-screen antics, such as ambushing congressmen to ask if they'll collect their kids in Iraq. But he lets Bush drive the comedy, dose shifts from war satire to dire pictures as a bewinged member from *Patton* reads a protest letter from the grave—his wit, who later died in combat, rains the line, wit, and that's it, he's stopped.

Some of Moore's harshest critics are on the left. I keep hearing cynophiles, especially Americans, who share his politics but find his manipulation of Americans as vulgar as Steven Spielberg's. But that's why his doc is so interesting: He's exposing the troops, and accusing Bush of betraying them, incapturing the high ground of patriotism. With his Joe Lando-like persona, Moore has perfected the desecration of being disingenuous but with such naivete, his filmmaking becomes more sophisticated. To convey the enormity of Sept. 11, he lets the screen go black for over a minute while we hear the sound of the planes hitting the World Trade Center.

Then he cuts to a montage of faces going up in horror and disbelief. It's an elegant montage of pure cinema amid the dirty business of popcorn griping. It may say something about the current state of the left that its most prominent voice is a comedian. But as a descendant of the war's revolution, Moore integrates the conflicting personalities that once ran the moment apart back in the '70s. He preserves the giddy carnival spirit of the *Yippee* protests, while embodying the blue-collar anxiety of a working-class hero. He's America's down prince of the protesters.

Moore grows up in an Irish-Catholic household, with a father who worked on a GM auto-parts assembly line in Flint for 33 years. An activist since grade school, he stayed with becoming a priest. And he remains a practicing Catholic. In fact, he admits having

**MOORE depicts President Bush as a lazy dolt who spent 42 per cent of his first 11 months in office on vacation**

sat through Mel Gibson's *Passion of the Christ*. "I came from the other extreme of the Catholic Church," Moore's movie could have the same polarizing effect as Gibson's, but with something more tangible: satire. As that satire, the U.S. election may not be waged on facts or issues, but as a war of religious values. And as *Patton*'s *9/11* raises the temperature of America's moral outrage, it could offend the extreme. "This thing has now reached into the White House," says Moore. "Karl Rove, Bush's puppeteer, is personally involved in trying to spin the attacks on the film. Kerry hasn't been out there much. Now they've got a target."

As Moore prepares to leave the lens and face the TV cameras, he takes off his sunglasses, apologizing. "The reason I'm wearing them is because I was doing *Gettysburg* last night and I got some makeup in my eyes." Back at the airport, that didn't stop everyone from recognizing him, including Canadian border officials. The supervisor even came out to shake his hand, and told him, "You're always welcome here," Moore replied. "I know that. My family will be able to get back to where I came from!"

Film | BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON



## ACCIDENTAL TOURISTS

A Spielberg blockbuster and an indie gem find romance in transit

**THEY'RE BOTH** ships-in-the-night romances about accidental tourists, but one is on the scale of *Boyz n the City*, the other an ocean liner. And it would be hard to find two movies more emblematic of indie genre and Hollywood glamour, respectively, than *Richard Linklater's* *Before Sunset* and Steven Spielberg's *The Terminal*. The former is an 80-minute free-flowing dialogue, unfolding more or less in real time as a non-stop conversation between two characters meeting through Paris. It takes place largely outdoors, in the natural light of late afternoon, with the streets serving as the set. *The Terminal* is a two-hour glass

romance, filmed in an artificial city of light—a vast, sea-starry facade of an airport terminal built for the production, with 60,000 sq ft of granite flooring, four working escalators and 35 mail rooms.

Both have their charms, but if it had to reach one it would be *Before Sunset*. This is Linklater's sequel to *Before Sunrise* (1995), in which Jesse and Celine (Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy) meet at a jazz gig on a train, then spend a long night walking the streets of Vienna before finally getting it in. In the final scene, they get away on a rail-way platform, pledging to re-encounter in the same place in two or three years. By the time their paths cross again in *Before Sunset*, nine years have gone by. Jesse is on the left leg of a hook man, growing a real beard on what happens to be right in Vienna. Celine shows up at the Paris hotel where Shakespeare & Company, where he's holding court. With a driver waiting to take him to the airport, they duck out for a coffee.

What makes an autobiographical *My Dinner with André* for lovers—a captivating and seamless discussion in which Jesse and Celine unraveled the past while flirting with no romantic possibility. It's a New Yorker, unapologetically married with a child, she works in Paris as an ornamentalist, with an abstract war photographer as a boyfriend. A core point they talk about how they've changed. In fact, Hawke looks only changed, with hollow cheekbones and a slightly more, more-erect ear. Delpy still has a dewy distance. And it's really her more. While he plays the adult-eromantic, awkward American, she talks unadorned carols around him with a very natural intelligence.

The rainy, maximal intelligence, which the

stranded in a timeless limbo, and locked in a conspiracy with a bureaucrat (Stanley Tucci) who rules this airport. Do behind a curtain of video surveillance. Moore brings him a quiet genius, erecting triple doors and wickets with wits and courtesy, and being guests from his baggage carts—will he back a squat in an airport gate under renovation, and landed a job on-site as a skilled labourer. He also falls in love, with a stylish flight attendant (Christine Zito-Jones).

Once again, Moore plays the romantic foil. And he holds an over-the-shoulder position of *Max Friday*—including an In-dian poster, a black security guard and a Hispanic flight services worker. But as he sees *Patton* Gumpston in the end survival as a strange land, and some laughs, you can never forget you're watching a guy with a bad accent. As for Spielberg, I find the broadest strokes of his direction more palpable in comic books than in high drama. But he can't stop reminding E.T.—don't wonder off of a horizon after—the final act is a sequence with a thick golden light of colonial redemption. Still, it's nice to know that's not what Spielberg in Hollywood who hasn't lost his naive faith in America.



In *Before Sunset*, Hawke and Delpy carry on a seamless dialogue while meandering through Paris.







## Life | Loving you is a lot like loving me



Vanity adds spice to the dating life, convention says—but what if you're more a meek-and-patients type? If you're looking to avoid surprises and want a relationship with someone who's similar to yourself, chances are there's an Internet dating service out there with a solution. Love it right? Just ask! Software, after all, has no problems. Here are our favorites.

• **Wouldn't you consider dating anyone who heart-and Age 40's Atlas Shag?** Luckily, there are almost 3,000 other people just like you at [daretheyheart.com](http://daretheyheart.com) who hook up with other long-haired bandana wearers at [bushypermom.com](http://bushypermom.com).  
• **"I'm that country guy or girl 'kiss your heart!"** An countrystylebookstore.com, a proudly British Web site.

• **Looking for love and hate S&P?** Check out [loveandhate.com](http://loveandhate.com). This site offers "dating for the capitalist," bringing together pathologically minded investor types.

• **At [singlesite.com](http://singlesite.com), the Solitaire calculator promises to help find your match—**possibly "drive dating"—using math.

• **Finally, a place to find that other person whose favorite Beanie is Ringo—**[beanie.singlet.com](http://beanie.singlet.com).  
• **Gay men over six foot-four can meet, date and discuss their fear of ceiling fans** on [fathoms.com](http://fathoms.com).  
• **Worried more like a business pitch than a dating site, [meowkissocally.com](http://meowkissocally.com) is** for perverts who want a smart, fish-buddy Web date if he wears a packet protector.  
**KAREN KAMLEY**

## TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR Heart Disease and Stroke Risk Factors

According to the Heart and Stroke Foundations, almost two-thirds (64%) of adult Canadians are mis- or under-informed when it comes to knowing how to protect their own heart health. This group has been shown to have misconceptions about everything from the risk factors for heart disease and stroke to the treatment of these conditions.

But it's time that Canadians become proactive in managing their own heart health. By understanding the risk factors associated with heart disease and stroke, they can work with their doctors to help eliminate or reduce many of them.

Common risk factors include age, gender, family history, tobacco use, high cholesterol, diabetes, high blood pressure, excessive alcohol use, poor diet, being overweight or obese, and low levels of physical activity.

While some risk factors—like age, gender or family history—can't be changed, many can be controlled or modified.

Don't let heart disease or stroke catch you off-guard. Talk to your doctor about how you can manage your individual risk factors and together you can develop a personalized action plan.



**AGE IS THE PRIMARY HEART DISEASE RISK FACTOR. UNFORTUNATELY, 100% OF US AGE.** Getting older doesn't guarantee a heart attack. It just means that if you're a post-menopausal woman or man over 40, you're at increased risk. Age isn't the only factor. **TALK TO YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT ALL THE MAJOR CARDIOVASCULAR DISEASE RISK FACTORS. LESSEN YOUR RISK.**

ASPIRING TO REDUCE CARDIOVASCULAR RISKS®  Bayer

IN 2003, there were 98,545 cosmetic surgical procedures performed in Canada, a 16 per cent increase over 2002.

## Tools The 40 Birthday for and for Me

After the bikini, regular shaggy-haired men's hair is a series of new tools designed specifically for the guys, anyone (or so they say) can become a "me in hair." Companies such as Wahl, a Philadelphia-based tool company, and New York-based Braun, a manufacturing giant, light up, spring a whole lot of products when it comes to power tools—that are designed to fit a woman's hand. And of course, they're stylish. Braun's 15-piece tool kit (0.5545.20) comes in a sleek plastic carrying case reminiscent of the early Apple iMac. Merely, they stopped short of making it pink.









# SMILE AS IF YOU MEAN IT

Wells's Political Rule 3: the candidate who's in the best mood wins

**SO HERE WE ARE** in the horse stretch. Funny how a five-week campaign can feel like about a million years. Some late questions and guesses:

**Accidental prime minister?** Any idiot could have told you that Paul Martin was an evasive, disingenuous glad-handler, overly beholden to a few lobbyists who didn't know half of what they thought they knew about politics. I've been writing all of that, repeat-ably, since 2000, and I'm pretty much any idiot. Yet an overwhelming majority of Ottawa reporters spent Jean Chrétien's entire decade in power predicting their coverage on the

assumption that Martin was a genius who couldn't get the big job fast enough.

Then as soon as he got the big job, the writers fell on him like hyenas.

Is the same thing happening with Stephen Harper?

The Conservative leader will arrive in power, if he wins, with Canadians knowing very little about his life, his friendships, his career. Good or bad, the guy's going to be one surprise after another.

You'd be forgiven for thinking this is a media plot. People in my line of work behave for all the world as though we like nothing better than to wait until a guy wins a promotion before we unleash the dogs of critical coverage. I hold my up and tear 'em down. That's certainly how it looks.

But I think it's possible to overstate this phenomenon. You're disingenuous Gals—and those dogs, are they actually eating up other brands? I know you think the press gag is silent about Harper's dark past as a conservative ideologue and his contrast with the Tories and all the rest. But reporters following Harper certainly aren't acting like puppy dogs. Poor Linda MacCharles from the *Vancouver Sun* got heckled by Harper fans at a news conference, precisely because she was asking him hard questions about his stance on gay carriage. There are a handful of similar examples of reporters trying to get the top of Harper's head off and pour in. There are also some Canadians trying to tell us Harper's a disaster than there ever



was to predict Martin would be a dud. If a Harper government turns to shingle, you won't be able to claim you weren't warned.

So how can he be well covered and a surprise? Simple: Harper, unlike Martin, rose from the middle ranks to where a power game quickly. Reporters who didn't see Martin coming have no excuse. Harper will be more of an accidental prime minister. If he wins. As I write this, I have to keep reminding myself it's not over yet.

**Jack Spiller:** Here's what I can't figure out: I'm hearing from a lot of people who don't want to endorse the Chrétien/Martin Liberals—but who are genuinely won over by the Conservative take on Canada U.S. relations, race, social programs, the environment and so on.

Why aren't more of them planning to vote for Jack Layton's NDP?

Polit's draw the NDP running well ahead of the 8.5 per cent they won in 2000, but as

I wrote they seem to have melted in the high teens. That's not enough for the breakthrough Jack Layton wants. So the NDP's doing better, but not great.

**Why?** Again, some will say it's the media's fault. And again, I'm not convinced. On the day I spent on Layton's bus, during the campaign's first week, the mob of reporters travelling with the Great Left Hope was about as big as the mob on Stephen Harper's bus, and far happier. In the early going, Layton was making a lot more news than my colleagues expected. They weren't exactly hanging the guy in disarray.

So maybe it's Layton's fault: I keep running into people who say they can't trust him, which is odd, given the rich biography of trustworthy leaders in the other parties. My own guess is that Layton doesn't represent enough of a change from the tax-and-spend image of previous NDP leaders. There's a constituency for higher taxes and over-leverage government. Just not a very big one. Still, for me, Layton's very modest gains are one of this campaign's biggest surprises.

**Two new Rules:** It's time to update the exponentially shrinking list of Paul Wells's Political and Rules. Long-time readers, hardly souls, will recall Rule 1: Politics in Canada tends toward the least exciting possible outcome, and Rule 2: If everyone in Ottawa knows something, it's not true. Here are two more.

**Rule 3: The candidate in the best mood wins.** Canadians are optimists who like cynicism. Stephen Harper is hardly a tub of jolly, but he has not stopped smiling since Martin began his and myself sour after the suicide general's report in February. Which brings us to...

**Rule 4: Voters are rabidly casting directors.** If you want the role of prime minister, you have to act like one. Martin spent months acting like the perfect opposition leader. And now that's what he is going to be. Simple, really.

To comment, backpage@toronto.com or Read Paul Wells's Weblog, "Politics With Wells," at [www.michaelwells.ca](http://www.michaelwells.ca)



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